

# The Girl Who Never Was

## [Part One]

(The Tardis materialises.)

DOCTOR: Charley, we need to talk.

CHARLEY: We've talked enough, Doctor. Are we there?

DOCTOR: Journey's end, as requested.

CHARLEY: Beauvais, fifth of October 1930.

DOCTOR: Five past two in the morning. That was it, wasn't it? There'll be no airship left, not any more. She burned up in moments. Just blackened struts on a hillside, like the rib cage of a whale that's dropped from the sky.

CHARLEY: Oh, that'll do. Doors!

DOCTOR: Charley, you're not being practical.

CHARLEY: Practical be blowed. I'll get by.

DOCTOR: You'll have so much to explain.

CHARLEY: Well, my French isn't too shabby. Uncle Jacques, remember?

DOCTOR: I remember. What's stowaway?

CHARLEY: Doors, tout de suite. I'm not going home, if that's what you're thinking.

DOCTOR: I'm not.

CHARLEY: So your Web of Time is safe. I'll find someone else to be, don't you worry.

DOCTOR: I won't.

CHARLEY: I'll just sit and watch, pick grapes or something. Picking grapes won't change a thing.

DOCTOR: I know.

CHARLEY: I'll move around, from town to town, just watching, looking in.

DOCTOR: Like a ghost.

CHARLEY: Like a tramp.

DOCTOR: Like a Time Lord.

CHARLEY: Oh, don't.

DOCTOR: Doors.

(Tardis doors open. Footsteps.)

(Voices.)

CHARLEY: But this isn't

DOCTOR: Journey's end, as requested. Singapore harbour, New Year's Eve 1930. This is where you were headed, wasn't it, before you met me.

CHARLEY: The Singapore Hilton!

DOCTOR: Ah, where better than that, just in case, you know, awkward encounters.

CHARLEY: Oh, but I look like a tramp. And not the right sort of tramp for a place like this. What time is it?

DOCTOR: Eleven fifty nine. Oh, hang on.

(Bells ring, people cheer and shout Happy New Year. Then the firecrackers start.)

DOCTOR: The harbour's hardly changed since the East India Company set up shop. Steamers up from Jakarta bringing spices and teak. Junk boats defying the South China Seas. Smells of coffee and cuttlefish over the water.

CHARLEY: I could live without the cuttlefish.

DOCTOR: And firecrackers on New Years Eve making dragon's tails in the air.

CHARLEY: Oh, it's perfect. Just perfect. Give me a hug. Mmm. Nice. I'm still leaving though.

DOCTOR: I know.

CHARLEY: If it won't make too much trouble with the Time Lords and all that.

DOCTOR: I'll sort it out, don't you worry.

CHARLEY: I'm going to close my eyes now and count to ten, and when I open them.

DOCTOR: If that's what you want.

CHARLEY: That's what I want. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.

DOCTOR: Hang on, that skyline's not

CHARLEY: What?

DRUNK: Happy New Year. I'm missing you too, Debs. No, no, no, can't be forgotten.

CHARLEY: Telephones?

(People on mobile phones, others ringing.)

CHARLEY: Mobile telephones?  
DOCTOR: No, that skyline's not right. Too much glass and chrome.  
CHARLEY: Fireworks spelling out two oh oh eight.  
DOCTOR: Two oh oh? Oh.  
CHARLEY: 2008, not 1931.  
DOCTOR: Something's wrong.  
CHARLEY: Oh, come off it. You just couldn't do it, could you. Couldn't take the risk.  
DOCTOR: Risk?  
CHARLEY: Oh, of leaving me in 1931. It's written all over your face.  
DOCTOR: Charley, I don't follow.  
CHARLEY: I wasn't born yesterday, Doctor. You thought I wouldn't be able to resist it, didn't you. Going home to mummy and daddy, to Cissy and Peg, changing history.  
DOCTOR: No, that's not how it is at all.  
CHARLEY: Well, you're right. It'd have been hard. The hardest thing. And yes, I'd have been tempted every day for the rest of my life. Edith.  
DOCTOR: That's not your problem.  
CHARLEY: You know what? You win.  
DOCTOR: Charley, listen to me. Listen, listen. Something is wrong with the Tardis. Something has knocked her off course.  
CHARLEY: Save it. Goodbye  
DOCTOR: No, look, I can prove it. I can prove it. Just give me a minute, I'll prove it to you.  
(Scrape of chair legs.)  
DOCTOR: One minute, please.  
CHARLEY: Doctor, I'm leaving.  
DOCTOR: Just wait there. I'll be one minute in the Tardis.  
(Tardis door opens.)  
CHARLEY: Goodbye, Doctor.

DOCTOR: One minute. One minute. Less now. Right. Earth, AD 2008, latitude one degree sixteen point nine minutes north, longitude one oh three degrees fifty point eight minutes east. Well, the galactic positioning system's fine. What now? Oh, think, think. Think!  
(He thumps the console.)

RECEPTIONIST: Room two eleven, check. Mister Byron, check. Still no reply, sir.  
CHARLEY: Er, hello?  
RECEPTIONIST: Still no reply, sir.  
CHARLEY: Hello? (rings desk bell) Hello? Person here in need of assistance.  
RECEPTIONIST: One moment, sir. Yes?  
CHARLEY: Oh, you spotted me. Do you have a pen?  
RECEPTIONIST: A pen?  
CHARLEY: Long thin thing you write with.  
(A ballpoint is clicked.)  
CHARLEY: No, a proper pen.  
RECEPTIONIST: There's always  
CHARLEY: A fountain pen. Thank you.  
RECEPTIONIST: Anything else? A roll of parchment, perhaps?  
CHARLEY: That notepaper will do perfectly well.  
RECEPTIONIST: We're here to help. Oh, Mister Byron, sir. I have him now.  
BYRON: (Australian) Call for me?  
RECEPTIONIST: I'm passing you over.  
BYRON: Byron. Sure, no problem. Networks get jammed tighter than I don't know what on New Year's Eve.  
RECEPTIONIST: You want to leave that for a guest?  
CHARLEY: Hang on.  
BYRON: Yeah, and my cousin's sheep farm just won Australia's title.  
CHARLEY: There.  
RECEPTIONIST: Room number?  
CHARLEY: Er, well, it's for a man called the Doctor. He'll be here any minute.  
RECEPTIONIST: Oh, the Doctor? Sure.  
CHARLEY: You don't want to know Doctor who?

BYRON: You are serious.  
RECEPTIONIST: The Doctor has a permanent suite on floor six.  
CHARLEY: I'm not sure that's him.  
RECEPTIONIST: They say he's had it since 1872.  
CHARLEY: That's him.  
BYRON: Five point three south. Don't tell me. Forty four point three east? You beauty!  
RECEPTIONIST: Who shall I say it's from?  
CHARLEY: Charley. Charlotte Pollard. (walking away) Thank you!  
BYRON: One minute, mate. Excuse me, miss. What did that girl say her name was?

(Tardis door opens, runs out.)

DOCTOR: One minute. Well, two. Guess what I found? Charley? Charley!

YU: Hey, miss, hey. Need a rickshaw? Where you going to, love?

CHARLEY: I haven't the faintest idea.

YU: Eh?

CHARLEY: Is that thing safe?

YU: Only been over once.

CHARLEY: Well, mind how you go.

(Car horn, Charley gasps. Squeal of brakes.)

BYRON: More often it's those guys do the running over.

CHARLEY: Oh, hello.

BYRON: You look lost, Miss Pollard.

CHARLEY: More in need of direction than directions. What did you call me?

BYRON: I was in reception just now.

CHARLEY: Oh. And I didn't notice you?

BYRON: No.

CHARLEY: Damn.

BYRON: I'm Byron.

CHARLEY: Byron something, or something Byron.

BYRON: Just Byron.

CHARLEY: Oh, no. Don't be doing that to me.

BYRON: Doing what?

CHARLEY: You know, the whole intergalactic man of mystery thing.

BYRON: Intergalactic?

CHARLEY: Sorry. Memo to self, mysterious strangers not necessarily alien.

BYRON: You've lost me.

CHARLEY: And you've found me, Byron Byron. So then, where am I going?

BYRON: Well, if you've nothing doing.

CHARLEY: Nothing at all.

BYRON: I've a fifty footer in the harbour.

CHARLEY: You mean a boat.

BYRON: Yacht. Best view of Singapore is from the water.

CHARLEY: And you're sure you're not from outer space?

BYRON: Darwin, Miss. They've even got electricity now. Well?

CHARLEY: Sorry, do I look like I need convincing?

BYRON: In that case.

CHARLEY: Oh no, no rickshaw.

BYRON: As if.

(A car pulls up.)

CHARLEY: Your own pet taxi? How very very.

BYRON: After you.

(Opens door.)

BYRON: You all right?

CHARLEY: I think I've left something behind, that's all.

DOCTOR: (distant) Charley!

BYRON: In the hotel?

DOCTOR: (distant) Charley!

CHARLEY: No, doesn't matter. Aren't you the gentleman.

BYRON: The jetty, driver.

(Car door closes, The Doctor runs up and opens it.)

DOCTOR: Charley where are you going?

BYRON: You're in my way, Mister.

DOCTOR: And you're abducting my friend.

BYRON: Ah, you know him?

CHARLEY: I used to.

DOCTOR: Charley?

CHARLEY: I left a message for you.

DOCTOR: Oh.

CHARLEY: This is Byron.

DOCTOR: Byron something, or something Byron.

BYRON: Don't worry, I'm not intergalactic.

DOCTOR: You're sure about that?

BYRON: I'm in import-export. You need a reference?

CHARLEY: Goodbye, Doctor.

BYRON: Driver.

DOCTOR: I'll wait for you then.

(Opens car door.)

BYRON: What now?

DOCTOR: Message for Charley. Charley, I forgot. I found what sent the Tardis adrift.

CHARLEY: Did you.

DOCTOR: A temporal hump.

CHARLEY: Of course.

DOCTOR: It's like a swelling in space time, caused by pressure in the event ridges.

BYRON: You should get that checked out, fella.

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm going to. It's about three hundred miles out in the Karimata Straits, latitude nought degrees five point three minutes south, longitude one hundred and six degrees, forty three

BYRON + DOCTOR: Point three minutes

BYRON: East. Go on.

DOCTOR: And the epicentre, ooo, sixty years back.

BYRON: 1942?

DOCTOR: Thenabouts.

CHARLEY: Oh, no.

BYRON: Fifteenth of January 1942?

DOCTOR: Charley, your boyfriend's a spaceman.

CHARLEY: You're not, are you?

BYRON: Your boyfriend?

CHARLEY: A spaceman.

BYRON: Don't be ridiculous.

CHARLEY: Oh. Hold on. Is that a gun in your pocket?

BYRON: You bet. Doctor?

(Gun cocked.)

BYRON: You're coming with us.

CHARLEY: He is?

DOCTOR: He is. Budge up.

(Door slams.)

DOCTOR: This is a turn-up.

CHARLEY: Fancy.

BYRON: Driver.

(Squeal of brakes, thud.)

BYRON: Oh, what now?

CHARLEY: It was him with the rickshaw.

(Car horn.)

BYRON: Oh, just find out what he wants.

(Window winds down.)

YU: Miss, Miss.

CHARLEY: Me?

YU: Nice lady, I have to tell you that my name is Detective Sergeant Yu, from Jurong Division. You get out of the car.

(Car door opens.)

BYRON: Who are you?

YU: Mister Byron.

CHARLEY: So long as you're not planning on taking us down the station in that.

YU: Your friend too.

DOCTOR: Well, if you insist.

BYRON: What's the charge, Yu?

YU: Two pound of plastic explosive under the chassis.

BYRON: Oh, rabbits

YU: So sorry, Byron. You did not plant it there?

BYRON: No, but you didn't stop the gang who did, right?

YU: Smugglers blow up smugglers. Why should Yu care?

DOCTOR: Excuse me

YU: You be quiet. Yu just saved your life. You and your wife's.

CHARLEY: Oi.

YU: Stand aside, please. Mister Byron is going for a drive now.

DOCTOR: Detective Sergeant Yu, my name is Smith. Byron here is no smuggler.

YU: We are running out of time.

DOCTOR: But I am.

CHARLEY: Doctor?

YU: You?

DOCTOR: Me, Yu.

BYRON: Intergalactic man of mystery.

DOCTOR: And I think you'll find that Interpol are tracking my every move, even now. The fellow behind the hot chestnut stand, I last saw him in Mumbai. What was it Momma said?

BYRON: Momma where?

DOCTOR: And as for DCI Pollard here.

CHARLEY: Ah. You knew.

DOCTOR: I knew the second I saw you in that bar in Casablanca. You coppers always smell the same. Handcuffs, please.

CHARLEY: Er, right.

DOCTOR: Other pocket.

YU: I, I do not understand.

DOCTOR: Get with the programme, Yu. She's been using Byron to get at me. But the worst of it is, she'll be wearing a wire.

YU: A wire?

CHARLEY: Found them.

BYRON: Kinky.

DOCTOR: That's right.

(Handcuffs locked.)

DOCTOR: Nice and tight. You don't want me getting away.

YU: You say she is wearing a wire?

DOCTOR: Of course. She'll have evidence that you stood by and let Byron burn, and he's her informer. How much time have we got?

YU: I, not long. You, Byron, get out of the car.

BYRON: Make your mind up, Yu.

DOCTOR: The driver, too. Now, everybody back away slowly. What I'm going to do next is with my free hand, I'm going to raise this special sonic device, aim it at the bonnet of the car, then.

YU: Then?

DOCTOR: This.

(Sonic screwdriver. KaBoom!)

BYRON: Right, I'm not hanging around. See ya later. (runs)

CHARLEY: Hey, wait! Grr. Now what, Doctor?

DOCTOR: In the absence of a cleverer idea, leg it!

YU: No, no, you come back! I order you. You're all under arrest!

CHARLEY: Doctor, I'm out of puff. That way.

DOCTOR: Doors, doors, doors, doors, doors.

(Tardis doors close.)

DOCTOR: Now, what did you do with the keys for these, Charley?

CHARLEY: Keys?  
DOCTOR: For the cuffs.  
CHARLEY: But there wasn't  
(Jangle of keys.)  
CHARLEY: Oh, ha, ha, ha. Funny man. So, is there a story to these handcuffs?  
DOCTOR: Harry Houdini had them once. Well, at least that's what Crippen thought.  
CHARLEY: Hilarious. Oh, that's better.  
DOCTOR: So then, intergalactic Miss of Mystery, what do you make of it all?  
CHARLEY: Of what?  
DOCTOR: Well, temporal humps. Weird space time events centred around the fifteenth of January 1942, and a man who knows its precise latitude and longitude, and who was all prepared to kidnap you.  
CHARLEY: Oh no you don't. Don't you sucker me into joining you.  
DOCTOR: Would I? Might be fun.  
CHARLEY: I've made my mind up, Doctor. It might, mightn't it?  
DOCTOR: One last lap of glory for the team?  
CHARLEY: Then straight back to 1931.  
DOCTOR: If that's what you want.  
CHARLEY: That's what I want.  
DOCTOR: In which case, latitude nought degrees five point three minutes south, longitude one hundred and six degrees forty three point three minutes east, here we come!  
(Tardis engines.)  
DOCTOR: After all, what can possibly go wrong?  
CHARLEY: Plenty.  
DOCTOR: O ye of little faith.

(Telephone rings. An elderly lady counts the number of times.)  
CHARLOTTE: One, two, three, four, and  
(She answers it.)  
CHARLOTTE: Good morning?  
BYRON [on phone]: And a Happy New year to you too.  
CHARLOTTE: Oh, another one. Byron, dear, I trust you're not being bothersome.  
BYRON [on phone]: Bothersome? Me?  
CHARLOTTE: Well yes. More than four rings says you've something of vital importance to tell me, and don't let it be another dull death in the family.  
BYRON [on phone]: You really are a prickly old cactus, aren't you.  
CHARLOTTE: At my age, dear, one can't spare the breath for pleasantries.

BYRON: Well, don't then. And riddle me this. What's big and old and ugly, and sits slap bang in the Karimata Straits?  
CHARLOTTE [on phone]: Well, there's a turn up.  
BYRON: There's a car on it's way. You might want to fix your face.  
CHARLOTTE [on phone]: It's all too late for that.  
BYRON: Oh yeah, one other thing.  
CHARLOTTE [on phone]: Yes?  
BYRON: I always wanted to say this. Are you ready to go back to Titanic?  
CHARLOTTE [on phone]: Hilarious.  
(She puts the phone down. He laughs.)

(The Tardis materialises and the door opens.)  
CHARLEY: (gasps) A ballroom.  
DOCTOR: A boat.  
CHARLEY: So it is. Hello? Big empty boat. Oh, nice piano. Bit dented.  
(Plays chopsticks. It needs tuning.)  
DOCTOR: Charley.  
CHARLEY: I couldn't resist. Besides, there's no one here. Is it me, or is the tuning off?  
DOCTOR: It's off. There isn't, though. No one here these last sixty six years.  
CHARLEY: You mean we're not in 1942?  
DOCTOR: The Tardis didn't fancy it.  
CHARLEY: Ah. Your temporal hump.

DOCTOR: I expect so. SS Batavia.  
CHARLEY: How did you know that?  
DOCTOR: Lifebelt.  
CHARLEY: Not the Marie Celeste, then.  
DOCTOR: Mary Celeste.  
CHARLEY: Mary Celeste. I suppose she was invaded by Daleks.  
DOCTOR: As a matter of fact  
(Second half of The Chase, part three. Charley yawns.)  
DOCTOR: Am I boring you?  
CHARLEY: No, no, you carry on. Oh look, yeti footprints.  
DOCTOR: Eh?  
CHARLEY: (sings) I made you look, made you stare, made you lose your underwear.  
DOCTOR: Through here.

(Deep breaths.)

CHARLEY: Skegness is so bracing. Come on then, out with the crackpot theory.  
DOCTOR: January 1942, Singapore is under siege. The Japanese are coming down through the Malay jungle, marching on the so-called impregnable fortress. Some even cycle. But the city is defenceless, ever since the Imperial Navy sunk the Repulse and the Prince of Wales.  
CHARLEY: And?  
DOCTOR: And this would have been one of the very last ships out of Singapore harbour. Better to face the torpedoes and dive-bombers than the horrors of Changi Jail. She'd have been bursting at the seams with desperate men and women and children.  
CHARLEY: Not a pleasure cruise, then. Hang on. If she was bursting at the seams, the obvious question is  
DOCTOR: Yes. Where indeed.  
CHARLEY: Ah!  
DOCTOR: Something wrong?  
CHARLEY: Ow. Ow, my fingers. There's acid on the handrail.  
DOCTOR: Acid?  
CHARLEY: Oh, I don't know, but it stings like the devil.  
DOCTOR: Let me see. Nasty.  
CHARLEY: Oh, Lord, you can see right through.  
DOCTOR: Yes, to the bone. Don't worry, it won't last. Blow on it.  
CHARLEY: What?  
DOCTOR: Go on. Better?  
CHARLEY: A bit.  
DOCTOR: You only got a touch. Should be stable now.  
CHARLEY: Yes, but what is it?  
DOCTOR: Corrosion.  
CHARLEY: What, rust?  
DOCTOR: Temporal corrosion.  
CHARLEY: Oh, here we go.  
DOCTOR: Just a fungal infection found in the vortex.  
CHARLEY: Well, I didn't bring it here.  
DOCTOR: No.  
CHARLEY: Hang on. The boat's been in the vortex?  
DOCTOR: It'd explain. Oh, no.  
CHARLEY: It's spreading.  
DOCTOR: It's eating our footsteps, following our trail back.  
CHARLEY: Back where?  
BOTH: The Tardis!

(Running.)

CHARLEY: Bit rusty in the joints, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: That's not funny. Temporal corrosion's a Tardis killer.  
CHARLEY: Then get those legs oh!  
(Thud.)  
DOCTOR: Charley, get off the dance floor.  
CHARLEY: Oh, how'd you like that for a Black Bottom.

DOCTOR: Come on!  
CHARLEY: But the floor's all corroded.  
DOCTOR: Rot.  
CHARLEY: No, I can see it.  
DOCTOR: The boards are rotten, that's all.  
CHARLEY: You're sure?  
DOCTOR: It's not too bad over here.  
CHARLEY: You're sure?  
DOCTOR: I'll prove it.  
(Stamps on floor.)  
DOCTOR: See?  
(Creak.)  
DOCTOR: Oh, wait. That doesn't sound  
(Snap! Crash. The Doctor cries out.)  
CHARLEY: Doctor? Doctor?  
DOCTOR [OC]: Down here.  
CHARLEY: Are you all right?  
DOCTOR [OC]: Do I look all right?  
CHARLEY: Rope. It's a boat, there'll be rope.  
DOCTOR [OC]: It'll be as rotten as the floor. Here, catch. You got it? There's spare cable under the console.  
CHARLEY: What, in the Tardis?  
DOCTOR [OC]: Where'd you think?  
CHARLEY: Well, I'd best hurry.  
DOCTOR [OC]: No, take your time, why don't you.  
(Footsteps.)  
DOCTOR [OC]: How's she looking?  
CHARLEY: Paintworks bubbling, kind of.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Quick, before it reaches the inner shell.  
CHARLEY: Well, what happens then?  
(Opens door.)  
CHARLEY: The HADS'll kick in, probably.

CHARLEY: The what'll what? Right, cable, cable, cable. Ah. Oh. (shouts) Blue or pink?  
DOCTOR [OC]: Doesn't matter.  
CHARLEY: Well, hang on, it's all snarled up.  
(An alarm sounds.)  
CHARLEY: Now what? Doctor, what's this mean? Hostile Action Displacement System engaged.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, no!  
CHARLEY: The doors!  
(The Tardis doors close and it dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: After all, what can possibly go wrong? Stupid, stupid Doctor.

MAN: God in Heaven, what's to become of us?  
BORTHWICK: Pull yourself together, that man. That kind of behaviour's downright Continental.  
COLVILLE: Share out your brandy, Borthwick. That'll keep him quiet.  
BORTHWICK: I suppose.  
(Breaking glass.)  
BORTHWICK: Damn.  
(They shush him.)  
BORTHWICK: All right, all right, gentlemen. Can't see in the dark, can I.  
COLVILLE: Means the Japs can't, either.  
BORTHWICK: True, true. Colville, you all right, old man?  
(Door opens and closes.)  
BRYON: Oh, now I ain't drinking in a morgue. Fellas, heads up.  
COLVILLE: But, the noise? The Japs?  
BYRON: Oh, we're miles out now, and I've never seen such a miserable looking bunch of poms. Not outside Buckingham Palace, leastways.



BORTHWICK: Mister Byron.

BYRON: Oh, stick it, Borthwick. We're far from home and we're far from dry, but we're on our way. Come on, smile. You too, young fella.

COLVILLE: What do you suggest, a sing-song?

BYRON: Why, do you play?

COLVILLE: A little.

BYRON: Then play, blast you, play. Johnny Nip ain't keeping me quiet. Right?

COLVILLE: This is an old convict song, I believe, so Mister Byron might know it. It goes something like (sings) Farewell to old England forever. Farewell to my rum culls as well. Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey, where I used for to cut such a swell.

ALL: Singing toorali oorali addity

BYRON: Oh, come on, chaps!

ALL: Singing toorali oorali ay. Singing toorali oorali addity, I'm bound for Botany Bay.

COLVILLE: There's the Captain as is our commander, there's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew. There's the first and the second class passengers

BYRON: That's you, mate. (laughter)

COLVILLE: Knows what we poor convicts go through.

ALL: Singing toorali oorali addity. Singing toorali oorali ay. Singing toorali oorali addity, and we're bound for Botany Bay.

(They suddenly fall silent.)

CHARLEY: Sorry to bother you. Is this 1942 by any chance?

BYRON: Well now, seems we got a lady aboard.

(All laugh.)

CHARLEY: You.

BYRON: Ah, there she is. There. Oh, would you believe it. Would you believe it back there?

CHARLOTTE: Pardon?

BYRON: I said, would you believe. Oh, never mind. The SS Batavia, back from the dead! Woo hoo!

CHARLOTTE: Well, quite.

BYRON: Pilot, take her down.

CHARLOTTE: Byron, dear. I said, Byron dear.

BYRON: Yeah?

CHARLOTTE: There's someone down there already, on the for'ard deck.

BYRON: What? Oh, rabbits. Him.

(Helicopter sounds.)

DOCTOR: That's right, down here. Coo-ee! Don't mean to be stranded here for the rest of my natural life.

BYRON: After you, little Miss Stowaway.

CHARLEY: Charlotte Pollard, actually. Thank you. Are you sure we've not met before?

BYRON: Reckon I'd remember. I'm

CHARLEY: I know. Byron something, or something Byron.

BYRON: Well now, if we have met, I didn't notice you. Damn.

CHARLEY: Oh, don't you be doing that to me, again. Are there no other women on this ship?

BYRON: Nope.

CHARLEY: But the Doctor says

BYRON: Who?

CHARLEY: Oh, it doesn't matter. Come here.

BYRON: Where? Oh, cosy.

CHARLEY: I'm cold, and I've got something to tell you.

BYRON: What's that, then.

CHARLEY: There's a gun in my pocket.

BYRON: Whoa there.

CHARLEY: So, Byron something or something Byron, it's time to start talking. Ow!

BYRON: That's just your fingers, little lady. Course, I really do have a gun in my pocket.

CHARLEY: Oh, you would. Hang on, what's that?

(Drone of propeller driven aircraft.)

BYRON: Oh, oldest trick in the book.

CHARLEY: No, that!  
BYRON: Oh, rabbits. Johnny (unintelligible, and probably just as well.)  
CHARLEY: Johnny who?  
BYRON: Down!  
(A machine gun strafes the deck.)

DOCTOR: Hello, there. Thought I'd be stuck here for I don't know how long. You can't imagine how pleased I am to  
BYRON: Me too, Doctor. Over the moon, ain't we, fellas?  
DOCTOR: Fellas?  
BYRON: My choice swagmen. Curly?  
CURLY: He's covered.  
(A rifle is cocked.)  
DOCTOR: Curly. Don't tell me, these must be Larry and Mo.  
CURLY: Hands on your head.  
DOCTOR: Whatever you say.  
CHARLOTTE: Oh, must I?  
BYRON: It's all right. I've gotcha.  
CHARLOTTE: Yes, and I've got my dignity.  
BYRON: Doctor, allow me to introduce my mother.  
DOCTOR: Hello.  
BYRON: Hands on your head!  
DOCTOR: Hello, with my hands on my head.  
CHARLOTTE: I'm sorry. Boys, you know. They do get so over excited.  
DOCTOR: I noticed. And whom do I have the pleasure of addressing?  
CHARLOTTE: My name, Doctor, is Charlotte Pollard. Miss Pollard, to you.

## [Part Two]

DOCTOR: No, you're not. Can't be.  
CHARLOTTE: I beg your pardon?  
DOCTOR: Same height, I suppose. Same eyes, same chin, once.  
CHARLOTTE: Byron, dear, where did you say you encountered this creature?  
DOCTOR: How old are you? If it's not a personal question.  
(Slap! The Doctor gasps.)  
BYRON: Oh ho! Nice one, mate.  
CHARLOTTE: How old are you! How old are you?  
DOCTOR: Nine hundred and, oh, we're talking Earth years, aren't we?  
CHARLOTTE: Breathtaking. I'm in my eighty fifth year. I've no idea why I'm telling you that.  
DOCTOR: Oh, well that's all right. My Charlotte Pollard was born on the day the Titanic sank. She'd be ninety six now.  
BYRON: She looks good on it.  
DOCTOR: She does? Oh, she does, except. Eighteen and a half when I met her. three or four years messing around with me, twenty one?  
CHARLOTTE: Is he wittering at us or despite us?  
BYRON: He's playing us for fools, and we ain't got the time. Curly, your guys need to start shifting the gear.  
CURLY: On it.  
DOCTOR: Time. Yes, if she, if she went back in time. Miss Pollard, when exactly was your twenty first? Please, indulge me.  
CHARLOTTE: 1942.  
DOCTOR: 1942, the year this ship sailed.  
CHARLOTTE: The year this ship vanished.  
BYRON: Lost without trace, except for a single survivor.  
CHARLOTTE: Picked up from a lonely lifeboat, cold, wet and amnesiac. Me.  
DOCTOR: Twenty one then, eighty five now. Charley?

(The plane leaves.)  
BYRON: She's away, back to Batan or wherever.  
CHARLEY: (muffled slightly) Release me.

BYRON: You all right down there?  
CHARLEY: Once you've got off me I will be. Oh, there's a gun in your pocket and it's sticking right in my ribs.  
BYRON: Oh yeah. Sorry about that.  
(They stand up.)  
CHARLEY: Oh, that was a close one.  
BYRON: Oh, she was just taking a shot at us for the hell of it.  
CHARLEY: No harm done, then.  
BYRON: Ah, she was a spotter. She'll be radioing our position now. There'll be a sub on the way.  
CHARLEY: Oh, that's not good, is it.  
SIMONS: Sir? Master Byron, sir.  
BYRON: Hey there, seaman. Simons, isn't it?  
SIMONS: That's right, sir.  
BYRON: Less of the Sir stuff, eh?  
SIMONS: Captain wants you, sir. Mister Byron, I mean. Said it was dead urgent. Your operator's dead. Who's this?  
BYRON: Yeah, turned my head too.  
CHARLEY: This ship.  
SIMONS: Oh, I didn't mean  
BYRON: You want to watch this one, Charley. He's got the eye, but I've got the hands.  
(Byron gooses Charley, by the sound of it, and laughs.)  
SIMONS: Sir, the Captain.  
BYRON: Watch and learn, son.  
CHARLEY: Up here, is it?  
BYRON: Sure. Hey! Who invited you?  
CHARLEY: Well, I could ask the same of you.  
BYRON: Fair play.  
SIMONS: Sir, should there be passengers on the bridge? She is a passenger, isn't she?  
BYRON: Quiet, mate. I'm enjoying the view.  
CHARLEY: Do you mind?

(Helicopter starting up.)  
DOCTOR: What don't you remember, Miss Pollard?  
CHARLOTTE: You are a bothersome pup.  
DOCTOR: Aren't I, though.  
CHARLOTTE: I was a passenger on the Batavia. When they picked me up, all I had was my name and a bad case of the Post Traumatics, as I believe they call it now.  
DOCTOR: And then?  
CHARLOTTE: The Byron family looked after me. They hoped that one day I'd remember, but alas.  
DOCTOR: And you don't remember me at all?  
CHARLOTTE: I've never met you before in my life.  
BYRON: Okay, okay. Stand well back, everyone.  
(The helicopter takes off.)  
CHARLOTTE: Byron, I do hope we're not going to be left stranded.  
BYRON: 'Copter's not safe on a rust farm like this. Be back in a couple of hours. 'Sides, there's always the Doctor's boat. Isn't that right?  
DOCTOR: I don't have a boat.  
BYRON: You got yourself here somehow, you and your girlfriend. Now, where is she, by the way?  
DOCTOR: Miss Pollard, you mean?  
BYRON: You're wearing my patience, mate. Your girlfriend's alias proved it. You know everything there is to know about this ship. Curly? Check his pockets.  
CURLY: Chief.  
DOCTOR: You don't want to go looking in there.  
BYRON: Trust me, mate, it's too cold a morning for a strip-search. Anything?  
CURLY: They're kinda deep.  
BYRON: You had a pair of cuffs in there last night.  
(Snap! Curly cries out.)

BYRON: What, what's this?  
DOCTOR: Don't you have mice in Australia?  
BYRON: Sure, but we don't keep mousetraps primed in our pockets.  
CHARLOTTE: (laughs) Priceless! Do you know, Doctor, I'm warning to you.  
CURLY: Oh, it hurts!  
DOCTOR: I told you not to go looking in there.  
BYRON: You think it's funny?  
DOCTOR: No, but I think a person's private pockets are private, and if you will plunder a person's private pockets  
BYRON: And you know all about plunder, pal.  
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I don't follow you.  
BYRON: The Batavia's not yours to pillage. My granddad chartered her out of Singapore. My granddad owned everything aboard. She's mine in law, and I won't have some ponced up pirate pip me to the post.  
DOCTOR: Pirate?  
BYRON: Well, you can't call it salvage.  
DOCTOR: What's here to salvage?  
CHARLOTTE: Doctor, you know perfectly well this ship didn't carry refugees. The women and children, those that could, they left on the official boats.  
BYRON: But a certain breed of rich colonials fellas, they was jiggered if they was being left behind in Singapore.  
CHARLOTTE: Jiggered if they were leaving their antiques, their artworks, their cars, even their gold to the invading enemy.  
BYRON: That's right. Gold. Curly, quit your whimpering and get your guys together. We're going to crack open the hold of this tub, and we're going to go home rich.

CAPTAIN: Dead slow, helmsman. Oi, mind how you go, mister.  
SIMONS: Owner on the bridge, Captain, sir.  
CAPTAIN: All right, boy, you're in the Merchant Marine, not the Navy.  
SIMONS: Sir!  
CAPTAIN: What's this?  
CHARLEY: Who's this, if you don't mind.  
CAPTAIN: I won't have women on my bridge. Won't have stowaways, neither.  
SIMONS: Is it bad luck?  
CAPTAIN: You bet it is, boy.  
BYRON: This is Miss Pollard. My boat, my rules.  
CAPTAIN: Oh, good.  
CHARLEY: Thank you, Cap'n Bligh. We're here to see about your operator, is that right?  
CAPTAIN: Aye, he's here. Took one of them bullets right between the eyes. Messy, ain't it.  
BYRON: Mate, that's horrible. Poor old Jim.  
CAPTAIN: Jin.  
BYRON: Jin.  
CAPTAIN: We need to get your gizmo working.  
BYRON: Can't.  
CAPTAIN: What do you mean, can't? I only ran this trip because you promised we'd be safe.  
BYRON: You ran this trip for Aussie Pounds, and plenty of them.  
CHARLEY: What is this gizmo, anyhow? The big globe whatsit?  
CAPTAIN: Don't look at me, I don't understand it.  
BYRON: Jin here defected from the Japs with blueprints to this gizmo. Reckoned it could guarantee the Batavia's safe passage. No chances of getting sunk.  
CHARLEY: Oh, so it's a sort of radar jamming system.  
BYRON: You what?  
CHARLEY: Well, that much is fairly obvious. This big globe whatsit spins around and whips up some sort of dense magnetic field, and. I'm sorry, am I getting too technical?  
BYRON: No, no, no. No, you go on.  
CHARLEY: I mean, I'm no expert, but this stuff rubs off on you. I saw something similar once on Quaxon Four.  
SIMONS: Is that a ship?  
CHARLEY: Oh, yes. And the cabling here helps bounce the field all over.  
BYRON: Old Jin called it an EM pulse. Reckoned it'd bend light around the boat, make it, you

know, invisible. The Yanks are working on something like it in Philadelphia, he said.

CAPTAIN: Only now he's dead, and he was the only man

BYRON: Knew how to work it, yeah.

CHARLEY: But it'd be working now if you powered it up.

BYRON: What?

CHARLEY: Flat battery, see?

CAPTAIN: So what do we do about it, Miss?

(Rumble of thunder.)

CHARLEY: How far away is that storm?

CAPTAIN: Not very.

CHARLEY: Hmm. Good. I've just had a flash of inspiration.

(Byron roars and hits the bulkhead.)

CHARLOTTE: Byron, dear, you'll do yourself a damage.

BYRON: How do you open these compartments?

DOCTOR: It'll take more than a kick. There's six inches of reinforced metal here, and the mechanism's rusted shut.

BYRON: I will not be denied. Curly!

CURLY: Chief.

BYRON: Fetch the you know what from up top. Both cases.

CURLY: Got ya. Team!

CHARLOTTE: And what, pray, is the you know what?

BYRON: You'd best be getting yourself up top too.

CHARLOTTE: Byron?

DOCTOR: The what, I assume, is the plastic explosive on deck. The real question is, how does he hope to blow a set of six inch thick reinforced door wide open without sinking the ship?

BYRON: Yeah, well, maybe I could bring her to port, if I didn't know I had a rival organisation on my

DOCTOR: Rival organisation? Byron, there's just me and Miss Pollard.

CHARLOTTE: The fake Miss Pollard.

DOCTOR: The other Miss Pollard. Byron, I've no interest in booty. It's the mystery of this boat that bothers me.

BYRON: The only mystery is what was so valuable my granddad had to shut it up behind so much steel!

DOCTOR: What's this ship been doing these last sixty six years? Why has she only shown up now? What happened here on the night of the fifteenth of January 1942? And most important of all, what happened to you, Miss Pollard?

CHARLOTTE: I'm curious, I'll admit.

DOCTOR: I don't doubt it. You're eighty five. What are you going to do with the gold in the hold? I want to solve the mystery of *you*. I don't see your son making much progress on that score, do you?

BYRON: I don't know why I don't just chuck you overboard. And you, mother.

CHARLOTTE: Byron dear, how would you ever have found the Batavia if it hadn't been for me?

BYRON: My boat, my rules.

CHARLOTTE: Doctor, would you be so kind as to take this wrench and administer to my son the whack on the head he deserves.

BYRON: (laughs) I'd like to see him try.

DOCTOR: It's not my style, sorry.

CHARLOTTE: Oh, the decline of English manhood.

(Whack! Thud.)

CHARLOTTE: Spare the rod, spoil the child. Come on, Doctor.

DOCTOR: He's out cold. You can't just leave him.

CHARLOTTE: Well, the three stooges will be back any minute. Doctor, I'm here to solve the mystery of *me*, as you put it, and I'm beginning to think you represent my very best chance of doing so.

DOCTOR: Maybe, but

CHARLOTTE: Now, where do you suggest we start?

DOCTOR: Ah, well, er, there's a mast I can't work out. An aerial above the bridge?

CHARLOTTE: Jolly good. Shall we?

BYRON: Move it, you sows. Up! Up! Up!  
CHARLEY: The aerial needs to be higher still.  
CAPTAIN: Much higher, and it's my men you'll be using as lightning conductors.  
CHARLEY: Oh, this is hopeless. Put a bit of effort on, or do I have to shin up there and show you how it's done!

CURLY Careful with the crates, guys.  
MAN: This stuff ain't going to blow without the detonators, Curly.  
CURLY: It ain't gonna blow at all if you get it wet, stupid. Hey boss, you want us to start unpacking? Boss? He's out of it. Don't think he's breathing, even.  
MAN: You're not going to give him mouth to mouth.  
CURLY: You got a better idea?  
(Curly starts resuscitation and Byron splutters.)  
BYRON: What are you trying to do, kiss me? Oh, help me up.  
CURLY: What happened? Didn't think that Doctor guy would have it in him.  
BYRON: It wasn't him, it was. Where's Miss Pollard?  
CURLY: That creep must have taken her hostage.  
BYRON: Maybe.  
CURLY: You guys drop that stuff. We're pairing off. I'll go with Mister Byron. That Doctor is going to wish he was never born. Come on.

(Squeaking wheel turning to open a stuck hatch.)  
CHARLOTTE: There! All it takes is a little backbone.  
DOCTOR: It's not my backbone I'm worried about, it's my shoulder.  
CHARLOTTE: Tragic.  
DOCTOR: Turn the light on, will you?  
(Lots of clicks.)  
CHARLOTTE: No power.  
DOCTOR: Interesting.  
CHARLOTTE: It is?  
DOCTOR: You knew where the switch was, without looking.  
CHARLOTTE: I suppose I did.  
DOCTOR: Miss Pollard, you've been on the bridge before. What else is submerged in your subconscious? Oh. Now what's this?  
CHARLOTTE: A big globe whatsit.  
DOCTOR: A pulse generator. The Americans were working on something similar round about 1942, trying to bend light around an object, making it invisible across all possible spectra. I saw something similar once on Quaxon Four. Trouble is, it hardly ever worked.  
(Sonic screwdriver.)  
CHARLOTTE: Evidently.  
DOCTOR: Only this one does. Residual energy traces, just a few hours old. Tell me, was there a storm out here last night?  
CHARLOTTE: I like to listen to Wagner of an evening, not the shipping report.  
DOCTOR: Shame. I've got a theory, you see.  
CHARLOTTE: I'm agog.  
DOCTOR: Someone's erected a mast outside to power this thing up. The Batavia's been drifting for sixty six years, but she's hardly ever spotted because every time a storm kicks up the device gets powered up and she just disappears.  
CHARLOTTE: Except there'd need to have been a near constant storm for that to work.  
DOCTOR: Oh.  
CHARLOTTE: Why not see if it's blown a gasket, or whatever.  
DOCTOR: Good idea.  
(Sonic screwdriver.)  
CHARLOTTE: No, not like that. Engage the port flange first.  
DOCTOR: Well now, Miss Pollard.  
CHARLOTTE: Oops. I rather think I did it again.  
DOCTOR: I rather think you did. Charlotte Pollard, why was it you were fiddling about with this machine in 1942?

CHARLEY: Urgh, I'm sodden.  
BYRON: Strip off. Simons'll find you some dry things.  
SIMONS: Sir?  
BYRON: Don't rush.  
CHARLEY: Belay that, Simons. You'll be lucky.  
BYRON: You'll catch your death.  
CHARLEY: I'd sooner that.  
CAPTAIN: So, when is this machine gonna be working?  
BYRON: Soon as we get a lightning strike.  
CAPTAIN: That ain't good enough.  
CHARLEY: I'm sorry?  
CAPTAIN: Listen.  
(Ping of ASDIC.)  
CHARLEY: What is that?  
SIMONS: Echo sender.  
CAPTAIN: Listen.  
(Ping!)  
BYRON: How deep?  
CAPTAIN: Five hundred and fifty feet.  
BYRON: Oh, rabbits.  
CHARLEY: You mean, there's a submarine.  
BYRON: Johnny'll see us any minute, and when he does, fsh! Boom.  
CHARLEY: Fsh, boom?  
BYRON: Torpedoes.

(Sonic screwdriver.)  
DOCTOR: That's done it. Now.  
(Rattle.)  
CHARLOTTE: And the telegraph gives us what, storm warnings?  
DOCTOR: The telegraph, Miss Pollard, is wired to the innards of this big globe whatsit, which gives us a log of its functions.  
(Tears off tickertape.)  
CHARLOTTE: This is gibberish.  
DOCTOR: It's mathematics. Look, refractive index here tells me. Ew.  
CHARLOTTE: What?  
DOCTOR: This *is* gibberish.  
CHARLOTTE: Incredible.  
DOCTOR: Unless. Unless the vectors are calculated in  
CHARLOTTE: Double Dutch, I suppose.  
DOCTOR: Four dimensions.  
(Bridge door slides open.)  
CURLY: Don't move. You so much as twitch and I'll fill you with lead.  
(Bridge door slides closed.)  
BYRON: Yeah, all right, Curly.  
DOCTOR: Oh, it's you.  
CHARLOTTE: Oh, Byron. Ouch. What you need is some vinegar and brown paper.  
BYRON: And what you need, Mother, is a great  
DOCTOR: Oh, please. It's like the Australasian branch of the Borgias.  
CHARLOTTE: You should come to our family Christmas.  
DOCTOR: Fascinating. Would anyone like to know something important about this ship?  
BYRON: Don't bother. Curly?  
CURLY: Boss?  
(Radio static.)  
CURLY: Oh, sorry. It's the other guys.  
BYRON: Well, answer them.  
CURLY: Curly. Come in. That you, Barnes? I can't raise them. (static)  
BYRON: Oh, give it here.  
VOICE [OC]: I'm warning you. Get back or I'll  
(Weapons, screams.)  
BYRON: Barnes? This is Byron. Barnes, talk to me.

(More weapons, more screams, then silence.)

CHARLOTTE: I think Mister Barnes has reached the limit of his conversation.

BYRON: Doctor, if this is anything to do with you

DOCTOR: Your associates are under fire. I suggest we go and look for them.

BYRON: I suggest you button it.

DOCTOR: Oh, just come on, will you?

(Whoosh, bang in the storm.)

BYRON: Hell's metal.

CAPTAIN: Get away from the mast!

(The globe whatsit powers up. ASDIC is still pinging out its contact.)

BYRON: I don't believe it!

SIMONS: It's working.

CHARLEY: Something's working. Get back, Simons.

(Tears off tickertape.)

SIMONS: But this is gibberish.

CHARLEY: Oh, marvellous.

BYRON: Your mast is lit up like a Christmas tree in a fireworks factory.

CAPTAIN: The Japs'll be able to see us for miles around.

CHARLEY: Well, not for long, I hope. Byron, you're bringing the wet in.

BYRON: Sorry.

(Slides door closed.)

BYRON: Oh man, I'm soaked through.

SIMONS: Perhaps you should strip, sir.

BYRON: You what, Simons?

SIMONS: I mean, like Miss Pollard.

CHARLEY: Captain, would you consider putting bromide in the grog?

BYRON: Ah, is it supposed to be smoking like that?

CHARLEY: I doubt it.

CAPTAIN: Turn it off, you fools.

BYRON: It's our only chance. Leave it be.

CAPTAIN: Turn it off before it explodes!

BYRON: Leave it be.

CAPTAIN: Well, if you won't, I will.

CHARLEY: Captain, no!

(Electricity arcs. The Captain screams. Thud.)

BYRON: Ah, stop it. Somebody stop it!

CHARLEY: Simons, behind you.

SIMONS: What?

CHARLEY: Fire axe.

SIMONS: Okay.

CHARLEY: Under arm?

(Axe thrown, globe whatsit silenced.)

CHARLEY: Are you all right?

SIMONS: Did I do something brave?

BYRON: Sure you did. Trouble is, the Captain's fried, and the boat, she's still a sitting duck.

(Ping!)

BYRON: Seven twenty feet.

CHARLEY: Rabbits!

(Running on metal, breathless.)

BYRON: Oh what?

DOCTOR: They're dead, Byron. Riddled with bullets.

CURLY: Barnes and the other guy?

BYRON: Dead.

DOCTOR: Silly idiots.

CHARLOTTE: Oh, Doctor, are we not at home to Mister Tact?

DOCTOR: Why?

CURLY: Because they were my mates, and it was your men killed them.

(Rifle cocked.)



DOCTOR: I don't have any men.  
BYRON: Easy, Curly, easy. We ain't killing him.  
DOCTOR: Thank you.  
BYRON: Not here. We're killing him up top. Jiggered if I'm dragging his corpse all that way just to chuck it overboard.  
DOCTOR: Silly stupid idiots. Come on, basic observation. The walls.  
CHARLOTTE: The walls? Ah.  
BYRON: Is someone gonna enlighten me?  
CHARLOTTE: Of course, bullet impacts. Here, here, here.  
DOCTOR: Ricochets. It was their own bullets killed them, firing wildly in a closed area like this.  
CURLY: You're right.  
BYRON: Don't you teach your guys anything, Curly?  
CHARLOTTE: There is one question remaining.  
BYRON: Astound me.  
CHARLOTTE: What was it made them open fire in the first place?

(Ping!)

BYRON: It's getting closer. Okay, I'm going to call for assistance.  
SIMONS: Won't that give away our position?  
BYRON: Way things are, we're going to be sending out a Mayday soon enough. We call out a few minutes early, could mean a few more lives get saved.  
CHARLEY: Are you sure about this?  
BYRON: No, but I'm doing it anyway. (radio) Mayday. Mayday. This is Steamship Batavia, about three hundred miles out in the Karimata Strait. Latitude nought degrees five point three minutes south.  
(Rumble.)  
BYRON: Longitude er, one oh six degrees  
SIMONS: Forty three point three minutes east.  
BYRON: Forty three point three minutes east. Urgent assistance required. Repeat. Urgent assistance required. We are under attack. We are  
CHARLEY: Byron?  
BYRON: I reckon I can hear something. Yeah? Yeah, gotcha. Now speak up. Oh, speak up, damn it.  
(High pitched squeal, screams.)  
CHARLEY: My ears!  
SIMONS: Oh, I think he's dead.  
VOICE [OC]: Your message has been received. Prepare to receive transmission.  
SIMONS: Are we saved? Is that what it means?  
CHARLEY: I don't think so.  
BYRON: Yes. Message received.  
CHARLEY: Byron.  
BYRON: (flat, unemotional) Preparing to receive transmission.  
CHARLEY: Byron, no!  
(Static.)  
SIMONS: Oh, it hurts!  
CHARLEY: Get out, get out now!  
BYRON: I hear. Further instruction required.

DOCTOR: Something's wrong.  
BYRON: No kidding.  
DOCTOR: Your men were firing down towards the bulkhead to the hold.  
BYRON: And?  
DOCTOR: There's nothing there. No entrances, no exits, just a six inch thick immovable bulkhead.  
BYRON: Which doesn't open.  
CHARLOTTE: Not from the outside, no.  
CURLY: Oh, what is this?  
BYRON: Yeah, could you spare us this ghost ship stuff.  
CHARLOTTE: Who said anything about ghosts?  
BYRON: Okay, that does it. Curly, take my mother and lock her in the brig.

CHARLOTTE: Byron, I am not impressed.

BYRON: It's for your own safety, Mother dear, just in case the Doctor does have men aboard.

DOCTOR: And if I don't?

BYRON: Gonna need another pair of hands to help me set the charges and transport the loot up top.

DOCTOR: You can't be serious. Still?

BYRON: Take her away.

CHARLOTTE: Byron, don't you dare

CURLY: Come on, Miss.

(Taken away.)

DOCTOR: I think she must have dropped you on the head as a baby.

BYRON: Like she was ever around long enough. Come on, get the case open. The gold in the hold is gonna be mine.

SIMONS: What's he doing?

CHARLEY: Something to the innards of the pulse generator. But he knows nothing about the machine. Nothing. He's being instructed.

SIMONS: By that sound.

CHARLEY: Oh, give the girl a coconut.

SIMONS: Girl? Oh. How did you know?

CHARLEY: Hmm. Let me guess. Life with mater and pater was such a drag, and one day you thought blow this, I'm off on an adventure. Next thing you're dragged up on a fantastic craft headed halfway across the world and thinking, how do I get out of this? It takes one to know one, all right.

SIMONS: You mean, you're really a boy?

CHARLEY: No, I am not.

SIMONS: Well, it wasn't quite like that. They sent me away to a finishing school. I got out onto this trawler. They found me, hauled me up before the purser. I couldn't understand what they were saying. They handed me these papers, made me sign. I didn't realise it was a contract.

CHARLEY: No!

SIMONS: A three year contract.

CHARLEY: And I thought I was rubbish.

MADELEINE: I'm really Madeleine. Madeleine Fairweather.

CHARLEY: Pleased to meet you. Oh, hand on, that noise has stopped.

(Door slides open.)

CHARLEY: Byron, what have you done in there?

(Door slides closed.)

BYRON: There are amendments to the refractive index. The port flange recalibrated. There is no cause for alarm.

MADELEINE: Oh yes there is. Look.

BYRON: A hostile submarine vessel. It is of no concern.

MADELEINE: Are you mad? We're dead in the water!

BYRON: Translation is beginning now.

(The globe whatsit powers up.)

CHARLEY: That thing's working again.

BYRON: Of course.

MADELEINE: Too late. The sub'll have us sighted. We've got to warn the passengers. Charley, come on.

(Running.)

BYRON: Translation is beginning now.

(Countdown pips.)

BYRON: Five, four, three, two.

(Boom! Coughing.)

BYRON: Guess what, Doctor? We haven't sunk the ship.

DOCTOR: And that's an achievement?

BYRON: You first.

DOCTOR: Really. Aren't you worried I'll run off with the gold in the hold?

BYRON: No. But if there is someone in there, I could use a human shield. Shift it!

(Footsteps.)

MADELEINE: We've got to warn them!  
CHARLEY: Madeleine, you're going to start a panic.  
MADELEINE: Oh? And who made you the world authority? Who *are* you, anyway?  
CHARLEY: Shh.  
(Tardis engines.)  
CHARLEY: Oh, no!  
(Runs.)  
MADELEINE: Charley? Charley, what was that?  
CHARLEY: The Tardis. No. No!  
MADELEINE: There's nothing there.  
CHARLEY: That's the point.  
MADELEINE: I don't follow.  
CHARLEY: Oh, the HADS again. Hostile Action something something. It means it. It means she's predicted a fatal event. Something inevitable.  
MAN: Torpedoes! Torpedoes at eight o'clock!  
MADELEINE: Oh, no!  
CHARLEY: It's too late. We're done for.

BYRON: Translation imminent. Translating now.  
(Whumphing sound.)

BYRON: (sotto) Doctor? Doctor, can you see anything? Is it gold?  
DOCTOR: Oh, crates.  
BYRON: Yes! Come on, help me get them open.  
(Creak of wood.)  
BYRON: Oh man, what's this?  
DOCTOR: Books. Oh, look. Mary Shelley.  
BYRON: Oh, nothing of value.  
DOCTOR: Not to you, maybe.  
BYRON: There's better stuff past the next bulkhead. I read the manifest. There must be!  
(Clang!)  
BYRON: (sotto) What was that?  
DOCTOR: (sotto) Something five foot four with a wrinkled hide and a vicious tongue.  
BYRON: (sotto) You what?  
DOCTOR: (sotto) Your mother.  
CHARLOTTE: Byron, dear.  
BYRON: You? What's happened to Curly?  
CHARLOTTE: He's in the brig. Well, if one will underestimate old ladies.  
DOCTOR: Good on you.  
(Metallic creaking.)  
BYRON: What was that?  
DOCTOR: Past the next bulkhead.  
BYRON: It's coming from all around.  
DOCTOR: Correction. They're coming from all around.  
CHARLOTTE: Oh no. No.  
DOCTOR: Just stick with me, Miss Pollard. Try not to panic.  
(Rhythmic heavy footsteps.)  
CHARLOTTE: But I remember. I remember what they are.  
BYRON: You pick your moments, Mother.  
DOCTOR: They're called?  
CHARLOTTE: Cybermen. They're called Cybermen, aren't they.  
DOCTOR: Yes.  
CYBERMEN: You will become like us.

### **[Part Three]**

(The sing-song automaton voice is old school Mondas/Telos Cyber, for those who have only met the faux Cybus Corporation ones on TV.)  
CYBERMAN: You will surrender yourselves. You will be made like us.  
BYRON: I don't know what you fellas think you're doing here, but this boat is mine. Mine, you

understand?

(The Cybermen are stomping forward.)

CYBERMAN: No, it belongs to us. Restrain them.

CHARLOTTE: Don't antagonise them, Byron. Can't you see they're dangerous?

DOCTOR: Understatement of the century. Cybermen

CYBERMAN: You are known to us. How can this be?

MADELEINE: It's so bright.

CHARLEY: It's so orange.

MADELEINE: The torpedoes

CHARLEY: They didn't hit, but that's not important now.

MADELEINE: Not important?

CHARLEY: What's important is, what made the sea boil?

MADELEINE: Great Scott!

CHARLEY: What turned the skies red?

MADELEINE: Oh, good Heavens!

CHARLEY: What happened to this ship? Byron. The bridge. Come on!

BYRON: I knew it. I knew you was after my boat.

DOCTOR: Byron, the Cybermen being here is as much a surprise to me as it is to you.

BYRON: Oh, come off it, mate. They know you.

DOCTOR: Look, they're rusted, decrepit. They've been shut away down here so long their brains have rotted. They wouldn't know their mortal enemy from Adam. I hope.

CYBERMAN: Elaborate.

CYBERMAN 2: No. He is wholly organic. Dialogue with organics has no value.

BYRON: Organic? What are they, health freaks?

DOCTOR: The ultimate health freaks. Everything replaced, everything inefficient or unwholesome stripped out, cut away.

CHARLOTTE: Is that so bad?

DOCTOR: Beginning with feelings. They're hollowed out nothings, their only imperative to survive.

CYBERMAN: You are correct. They must be recycled.

BYRON: Oh, man. Tin cans who squash people?

DOCTOR: That's about it. Byron, Miss Pollard, before we squander any advantage this brief hiatus has given us

BYRON: Make like a wallaby with it's backside on fire?

DOCTOR: You got it.

BYRON: Right.

CHARLOTTE: Come on.

CYBERMAN: Revert to standard protocol. Convert the humans. Convert.

CHARLEY: Byron. Byron!

BYRON: Wha, what? What did they make me do?

CHARLEY: I don't know. Byron, don't you dare pass out on me.

(Slap!)

BYRON: Ah! What was that for?

CHARLEY: Byron, what happened?

MADELEINE: Where are we?

BYRON: I dunno.

CHARLEY: Think!

BYRON: Er, we've been translated?

(ASDIC pings.)

BYRON: The sub!

MADELEINE: Twenty feet?

(Lots of pings.)

BYRON: Can't be four subs out there.

MADELEINE: Six, eight? Twelve?

CHARLEY: Those aren't submarines. They're something else.

BYRON: Hey, where'd you think you're going?

MADELEINE: Charley!

CHARLEY: Everybody, stand by. Stand by to repel boarders.  
BYRON: What do you mean, boarders?  
CHARLEY: I mean  
CYBERMAN: Locate the humans.  
CYBERMAN 2: Confirmed.  
MADELEINE: What are they? Divers?  
CHARLEY: They can't be. They just can't be.  
BYRON: What are they, woman?  
CHARLEY: Cybermen! They're called Cybermen.

BYRON: Where'd they come from?  
DOCTOR: Outer space, obviously.  
CHARLOTTE: Obviously.  
BYRON: All of them?  
DOCTOR: Now we know what happened to the passengers.  
(Miss Pollard cries out. Cyberman stomping in background.)  
DOCTOR: Are you all right?  
CHARLOTTE: No. No, I'm all through.  
BYRON: Ah well. Coming, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: This woman is your mother.  
CHARLOTTE: And I raised him to survive. You go on.  
BYRON: Good luck, Mother. Thanks for, ah, you know.  
CHARLOTTE: I know.  
BYRON: Right.  
DOCTOR: Right, a fireman's lift. I've never actually done this before.  
CHARLOTTE: Then don't start now, especially when there's a simpler solution.  
DOCTOR: I'm not leaving you.  
CHARLOTTE: Then you're a fool, but quite a handsome one. (sotto) This way.  
DOCTOR: That leads back to the hold.  
CHARLOTTE: Shh, Doctor.  
CYBERMAN: Stop. You cannot escape us.  
DOCTOR: Our metal friends have a point, and right now I'm all out of escape plans.  
CHARLOTTE: Really?  
DOCTOR: The Tardis. But how did you?  
CHARLOTTE: Tardis, yes, that's it. You do have a key?  
DOCTOR: I do.  
CYBERMAN: You cannot escape.  
CHARLOTTE: Quickly, Doctor.  
(Tardis door opens and closes.)

CHARLOTTE: Well, I ought to remember this.  
DOCTOR: You mean you don't?  
CHARLOTTE: It was the noise I remembered. I heard it on the way down from the brig.  
DOCTOR: Oh, wheezing and groaning.  
CHARLOTTE: Doctor, I may be old, but I'm not so unfit.  
DOCTOR: No, the Tardis noise.  
CHARLOTTE: Oh, yes. Yes, wheezing and groaning.  
DOCTOR: Like a grampus, I'm told.  
CHARLOTTE: Ah. Risso's dolphin.  
DOCTOR: Very good. Now, she's defaulted back from, yes, 1942. The fifteenth of January 1942, when you heard her last.  
CHARLOTTE: When I was young.  
DOCTOR: Except this scan shows there's nothing there past two fourteen in the morning. That's why the Tardis came back.  
CHARLOTTE: I don't follow.  
DOCTOR: Because that's when the Batavia disappeared.  
CHARLOTTE: Disappeared to where?  
DOCTOR: No, no, no, you don't get it. Those vectors were being calculated in four dimensions. The question is, disappeared to when?  
(The Tardis dematerialises.)

(The piano is playing when the door is smashed down.)

CYBERMAN: What is this noise?

BORTHWICK: Resistance, sir, resistance.

COLVILLE: And the band played on.

CYBERMAN: Desist, desist.

(Cyberweapon fired. Colville screams and crashes on to the keyboard. Consternation.)

CYBERMAN: Resistance is futile.

BORTHWICK: (stammering) What do you want with us?

CYBERMAN: Your bodies are needed.

BORTHWICK: Bodies? What the devil do you mean by bodies?

YOUNG MAN: They're pirates, in the white slave trade.

BORTHWICK: Pirates, is it? Well, there ain't no women here.

CYBERMAN: Cybermen do not discriminate by gender.

BORTHWICK: Oh lor.

(Door opens.)

CHARLEY: You, Cyberman, leave him alone.

(The Cybermen clump round to face her.)

CYBERMAN: What is the meaning of this?

CHARLEY: I've come to parlay, me and the owner here. Byron!

(Elbow in stomach?)

BYRON: Ow. You are sure about this?

CHARLEY: Step forward, man.

CYBERMAN: You are the owner of this vessel?

BYRON: Er, that's right.

CYBERMAN: Ownership is irrelevant. You will all be converted.

BORTHWICK: Converted? He doesn't mean er

CHARLEY: Quiet, you. I have important information for your CyberLeader.

CYBERMAN: You are aware of our hierarchy? How?

CHARLEY: That's between me, you, and the Garazone system.

BYRON: Oh, now you're just making it up.

CYBERMAN: Knowledge of Cybermen operations in the Garazone system is restricted.

CHARLEY: Not to me it's not. Now bring me your CyberLeader. I'm saving what I have to say for the boss.

CYBERMAN: You will come with me.

CHARLEY: I will not. Ow!

MADELEINE: Charley!

(Banging on bulkhead door.)

CURLY: Hey! Hey! Let me out! That daft old witch has locked me up in here! Oh, it's useless.

(Stomping boots outside.)

CURLY: Byron? Byron, mate, I'm in here.

(Door smashed in.)

CURLY: Careful, fella. Who are you? How'd you

CYBERMAN: You will become like us.

CURLY: No, keep back! Keep back, I said! No! No, no, no!

(The Tardis materialises. Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Byron, you made it! Good, I think.

BYRON: How did you do that?

DOCTOR: Er, too many long words, sorry.

BYRON: Hey, and how'd you know to find me here?

CHARLOTTE: Well, for one thing, the bridge is the most easily defended position on the ship.

DOCTOR: And for another, it's where the radio is.

BYRON: Ah, you won't get help that way.

DOCTOR: I'm not trying to. I'm tuning it in to the Tardis's own frequency.

BYRON: This is useful how?

CHARLOTTE: Don't look at me.

DOCTOR: Now, if I can slave the pulse generator here to the Tardis's guidance system, I'm hoping I can use it to tow the Batavia through light space, kind of.

BYRON: Kind of?

DOCTOR: I don't mean to take her terribly far. Well out of the reach of human civilisation, of course.

BYRON: And then?

CHARLOTTE: Why, he'll scuttle it, obviously.

DOCTOR: Obviously. There. You know, that's a little piece of bodger's art. All we need to do now is charge it up.

BYRON: You're going to sink my ship.

CHARLOTTE: Glub, glub, glub.

BYRON: With all my gold aboard?

DOCTOR: With all the Cybermen aboard.

BYRON: Yeah, figured it'd come to something like that. Guys!

DOCTOR: Guys?

(Stomping.)

CYBERMAN: Your activities run counter to the interests of the Cyber race. Desist.

DOCTOR: Byron, you idiot.

CHARLOTTE: The Doctor came back to save you.

BYRON: More fool him.

CYBERMAN: Restrain them.

CHARLOTTE: You keep your oily paws off ow!

DOCTOR: Don't struggle, they're strong. You'll only do yourself a damage.

BYRON: Right, then. Back downstairs.

DOCTOR: Organ replacement time, is it? I warn you, Cyberman, I'll be twice the work.

CYBERMAN: No, the Cybermen have need of your abilities.

DOCTOR: My what?

BYRON: Enough yap, people. Move!

CYBERMAN: Confirm.

CYBERMAN: You will enter the bridge.

CHARLEY: Ow! All right, I know the way. Been in and out of here all day. Well? CyberLeader, please.

CYBERMAN: You will address the CyberPlanner.

CHARLEY: What, this? It looks like bric-a-brac.

CYBERPLANNER: You have knowledge of Cyberman strategy. Elaborate.

CHARLEY: No, I'm sorry, that's not a face. I don't talk to anything without a face.

CYBERMAN: Elaborate.

CHARLEY: Ow! All right, no need to get the Cyber thumbscrews out. My name's Charlotte Pollard. I met you lot before in the Garazone system.

CYBERPLANNER: Assertion unreasonable. Humans in your time zone incapable of interstellar travel.

CHARLEY: Oh, really? Tell me, what is this time zone?

CYBERPLANNER: Current time zone corresponds to the year 500,000. You have been translated from the local date one nine four two, micro unit one fifteen. Humankind had not then achieved interstellar travel.

CHARLEY: Ah, but what if I'd been translated to 1942 in the first place, in the same way you translated the Batavia to 500,000, perhaps, which was?

CYBERPLANNER: Cybermen searched all media wavelengths. No indications of high technology EM pulse detected at this location sourced from 1942. Cybermen used pulse wavelength to transmit control signal back

CHARLEY: To Byron, and that's how he knew how to modify the machine.

CYBERPLANNER: Correct. Space bending technology not dissimilar to matter transmission technology. Minor modifications only required to translate vectors of this vessel through space time.

CHARLEY: I'd call that pretty major, myself. The thing I don't quite understand, CyberPlanner, is why?

CYBERPLANNER: The Cybermen Time Squad was despatched into the future. Test flight through space time vortex curtailed when Cybermen vessel was subject to systems failure.

Cybermen vessel forced to make emergence exit of space time vortex.

CHARLEY: Couldn't you call for, you know, backup?

CYBERPLANNER: Cyber distress signal went unanswered. Reasons unknown.

CHARLEY: Oh, they'd taken the phone off the hook. But what's the value in transporting a

boatload of toffs into the future?

CYBERPLANNER: CyberPlanner has new priority, to reestablish Cyber race. Earth in year 500,000 deserted due to solar flare activity.

CHARLEY: Yes, it does seem rather hot.

CYBERPLANNER: Humans from 1942 will be converted into Cybermen then transported back. Mission, to establish Cybernetic conversion facilities in 1942.

CHARLEY: But that'd mean changing history.

CYBERPLANNER: Correct.

(Byron groans.)

MADELEINE: Byron? Are you all right? Here, sit down.

BYRON: Oh, yeah, yeah. I've got a real thumper of a headache, and, oh, damn, it's hot.

BORTHWICK: Infernal, isn't it? Wouldn't surprise me if we were in hell. Perhaps, perhaps it's our just reward.

MADELEINE: How'd you work that out?

CYBERMAN: Your conference is irrelevant.

MADELEINE: Then you won't care if we talk.

CYBERMAN: This is logical.

MADELEINE: Thank you. Come on, it's not as bad as all that.

BORTHWICK: You think? Me, I owned a rubber plantation. Like the rest of these brave British chaps, we ran away when the Japanese advanced. Took all our worldly goods with us, books and paintings, cars, jewellery. Everything we could manage. But you know what's not on board this boat?

MADELEINE: Does it matter?

BORTHWICK: Our servants. Our faithful Malay housekeepers and houseboys and plantation workers. We left them all to the mercy of the Japs.

MADELEINE: Byron. (slaps face) Byron, wake up. Come on, you big Aussie drongo! Oh, what's the matter with him?

CYBERMAN: Subject was conduit for Cybercontrol signal. Cybercontrol signal causes deterioration of unaugmented brain. Brain function is terminally prejudiced. He will die.

CYBERMAN: Halt.

CHARLOTTE: Thank you. My ankles are swelling up.

CYBERMAN: Cybernetic conversion will alleviate difficulty.

CHARLOTTE: And no waiting list. You can see to my hip while you're at it.

DOCTOR: Careful. They're made of iron, but they don't do irony.

BYRON: No, really?

CYBERMAN: The Doctor will advance.

DOCTOR: Into the lion's den. Hello.

CYBERMAN: You are familiar with Cybertechnology. You will reactivate our CyberPlanner.

CHARLOTTE: That's a CyberPlanner? Looks more like

DOCTOR: Bric-a-brac?

CHARLOTTE: Well, I was going to say a modern art installation.

DOCTOR: I don't know much about art, but I know what I don't like.

CHARLOTTE: Oh!

CYBERMAN: Dismember the woman.

CHARLOTTE: Help! Doctor!

DOCTOR: Pack it in, all right?

(Sonic screwdriver.)

DOCTOR: I can't imagine why you can't do this yourselves.

CYBERMAN: CyberPlanner activation protocols inaccessible.

DOCTOR: Why not call the Telos helpline? Not surprised, it'd cost a fortune from here. That's it, isn't it? You're stuck here. A whole army of you, all without the faintest idea what to do next.

CYBERMAN: Amended protocols must be ratified by CyberPlanner.

DOCTOR: Oh, so you do have a plan.

(Charlotte is being hurt again.)

CYBERMAN: You will reactivate the CyberPlanner.

CHARLOTTE: Doctor

DOCTOR: Done.

(Electronic burbling starts.)



BYRON: That's it?  
DOCTOR: Easy when you know how.  
BYRON: 'kay. Job done. Now, get your sorry silver backsides off my boat. Hey, are you listening?  
DOCTOR: I doubt they ever were.  
BYRON: Now, we had a deal.  
CYBERMAN: CyberPlanner will ratify amended protocols.  
(Rapid digital signal. Ooo, internet dial-up tones, what memories.)  
CYBERMAN: Protocols submitted for analysis. Awaiting response.  
(Beeps. The CyberPlanner is unintelligible. Was that an ooral addity?)  
CYBERMAN: Response is meaningless.  
DOCTOR: For we're bound for Botany Bay.  
CYBERMAN: What is the meaning of this?  
DOCTOR: Lot of temporal corrosion, I'm afraid.  
BYRON: Do what?  
CHARLOTTE: Rust in the brainpan.  
DOCTOR: She's not wrong. Must be why it went into hibernation in the first place.  
CYBERMAN: CyberPlanner unable to ratify amended protocol. Default to standard protocol. Convert the humans.  
DOCTOR: Byron, you remember how you said there was nothing of value here?  
BYRON: Yeah?  
DOCTOR: Well, I did spot the one case that looked interesting.  
BYRON: Yes, and?  
DOCTOR: I couldn't understand why it hadn't been touched. It makes sense now. Here, catch.  
CYBERMAN: What is that?  
BYRON: Oh, man. Gold.  
CYBERMAN: Gold!  
(Stomps backwards.)  
DOCTOR: Take a bar, Miss Pollard. You see, the one thing that's lethal to Cybermen is gold.  
CHARLOTTE: You're serious?  
DOCTOR: Fact. So back off, Cybermen.  
CYBERMAN: Cybermen, retreat.  
DOCTOR: The Tardis, quick.  
BYRON: No. No, no. We've got to transport the gold. Er, Cyberman? Stop them. They're going to scuttle the ship.  
CYBERMAN: Release that ingot.  
BYRON: Oh, yes, sure. Ha, forgot.  
(Clang.)  
BYRON: Happy?  
CYBERMAN: Take him. Convert him. Convert the humans.  
BYRON: (receding) No! No! No, no, please, no. He's going to sink the ship. No! No, you've got to listen to me. No, no

MADELEINE: Byron, come on. Snap out of it, Byron.  
BYRON: Who, who's Byron?  
MADELEINE: Byron? Byron?  
CYBERMAN: Brain function has ceased.  
YOUNG MAN: What the devil's that, rust?  
MADELEINE: Rust doesn't move.  
CYBERMAN: Corrosion is of alien origin. Transmitting details to CyberPlanner.

CYBERPLANNER: The nature of Garazone operations must be certified. Elaborate.  
CHARLEY: Tell you what, pop on the kettle and we can have a good old natter about it, eh? Old times.  
CYBERPLANNER: Cybermen commence coercive procedures.  
CHARLEY: Argh! My fingers!  
CYBERPLANNER: Wait. Temporal corrosion reported in vessel superstructure.  
CHARLEY: Well, I could have told you that. It was everywhere back in 2008.  
CYBERPLANNER: You have boarded this vessel in the future?  
CHARLEY: Oh, release me, and I'll tell you.

CYBERPLANNER: Agreed.  
CHARLEY: Oh, ah. Thank you.  
CYBERMAN: CyberPlanner, there is corrosion in my digits.  
CHARLEY: Shouldn't have tried to break my fingers, should you.  
CYBERPLANNER: You carried the corrosion here?  
CHARLEY: I think I must have.  
CYBERPLANNER: Cybermen, destroy her. Destroy her at once!  
CYBERMAN: I cannot. My joints have failed. I argh.  
(Falls to bits.)  
CHARLEY: (delighted) Nasty. Do you know, CyberPlanner, I'd say I've got you at my mercy.  
CYBERPLANNER: No. Cybermen, protect your CyberPlanner. Attack the  
CHARLEY: Oh no, you don't.  
CYBERPLANNER: CyberPlanner infected with temporal corrosion.  
CHARLEY: You didn't leave me much choice, did you.  
CYBERPLANNER: Immediate .... temporal corrosion .. translate CyberPlanner consciousness into suitable vessel.  
CHARLEY: Ah. Hmm. I don't like the sound of that.  
CYBERPLANNER: Removing CyberPlanner consciousness now.  
(That dial-up sound again. A female scream.)

BYRON: Oh, please, you can't do this to me.  
CYBERMAN: Prepare subject for Cyberconversion. Commence initial stage.  
(Whirr of electric tool.)  
BYRON: Oh, man, you can't. It'll kill me!  
CYBERMAN: Cyberconversion device is functioning correctly. Witness previous occupant of Cyberconversion device.  
BYRON: What? Oh, no. No! Curly?  
CYBER-CURLY: Confirm Cyberconversion device is functioning correctly.  
BYRON: Oh, God. No! No! No!

(Tardis controls operated.)  
DOCTOR: Right, we're all set up here. Pulse generator is in perfect phase with the Tardis's guidance systems. She'll kick-start the device soon as I dematerialise.  
CHARLOTTE: Well, do it, then.  
DOCTOR: All I've got to do is find the right place to translate us to.  
CHARLOTTE: Timbuktu, Shangri-La, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.  
DOCTOR: There, got it. Spitzbergen.  
CHARLOTTE: What's a Spitzbergen?  
DOCTOR: Well, what's seventy five miles north northeast of Spitzbergen at this precise moment in space time, in fact.  
CHARLOTTE: Amaze me.  
DOCTOR: I will.  
(The Tardis dematerialises.)

CYBERMAN: Pulse generator activated. We are being translated.

(The Tardis materialises, door opens.)  
DOCTOR: All right, then. I'll show you, but you'll have to be quick.  
CHARLOTTE: Oh, no.  
CYBERMAN: Destroy them. Destroy them at once.  
DOCTOR: Too late, pal. You've been translated.  
CHARLOTTE: For heavens sake, it's right in front of you. Iceberg!  
DOCTOR: You see, what's seventy five miles north northeast of Spitzbergen is the biggest iceberg in open water since the Titanic went down.  
CYBERMAN: You will steer this vessel clear.  
DOCTOR: Too late. Brace yourselves.  
(Grinding of metal against frozen water.)

CYBERMAN: What is happening?  
CYBERMAN 2: The hull is breached.  
CYBERMAN: Emergency. Emergency. All Cybermen to repair hull breach.  
CYBERMAN 3: Confirm  
CYBERMAN: Seal the hold. Imperative. Seal the hold.  
(Water rushes in.)

(Running. Tardis door closes.)  
CHARLOTTE: I don't believe you just did that.  
DOCTOR: I don't quite believe it myself.  
CHARLOTTE: It's just, Byron.  
DOCTOR: I know. I'm so sorry.  
CHARLOTTE: What's wrong with me? I can't even cry for him.  
DOCTOR: You will. But first there's somewhere we have to go.  
CHARLOTTE: Go?  
DOCTOR: Singapore harbour, 1931, and then, if you like, we'll go on. There's so many more places to see, Charley. I'm just sorry we missed out on those sixty six years. Oh, Charley, it's such a big universe, and now I get to show it to you all over again.  
CHARLOTTE: No.  
DOCTOR: Oh. Well, if you're sure.  
CHARLOTTE: No, I mean I've remembered something. Curly.  
DOCTOR: Who?  
CHARLOTTE: Curly, the chap I locked up in the brig.  
DOCTOR: You can't imagine he's  
CHARLOTTE: Doctor, we can't just leave him to drown.  
DOCTOR: Oh, this is madness.  
(The Tardis dematerialises.)

(Door opens.)  
DOCTOR: Utter madness.  
CHARLOTTE: The brig is just round the corner. We can make it.  
DOCTOR: I can make it. You're going nowhere. Right.  
CHARLOTTE: Deep breath now  
DOCTOR: I'm not a mermaid.  
CHARLOTTE: No.  
(Splash.)  
CHARLOTTE: You're something altogether more fantastic.  
(Clang.)  
CHARLOTTE: Doctor? Doctor, is that you?  
(Something surfaces. She gasps.)  
CYBER-BYRON: You. I know you. Mother.  
CHARLOTTE: No. Byron, please. Byron.

MADELEINE: This is no good. We're all just waiting to die.  
BORTHWICK: What do you propose we do about it?  
MADELEINE: Here. Cyberman, here.  
CYBERMAN: You will continue to await conversion.  
MADELEINE: But you've got to see this. That corrosion of yours. Look, it's in the piano.  
CYBERMAN: Corrosion not present. Why do you lie?  
MADELEINE: Now, Borthwick, the lid!  
(Clang. The Cyberman makes a pain sound.)  
BORTHWICK: Had enough, do you think?  
MADELEINE: No, again.

DOCTOR: Charley? Charley, the door was open. He wasn't there. He's got a chance. Charley?  
CHARLOTTE: They say your whole life rushes before you. They're right.  
DOCTOR: You're wounded. We'll get you to the Tardis Sickbay.  
CHARLOTTE: It was Byron, Doctor. I didn't see where he went.  
DOCTOR: Hush, now. I'm trying to work out that fireman's lift.  
CHARLOTTE: My whole life, before my eyes. The first twenty one included.

DOCTOR: Ah, but wasn't that the best? You and me (effort) with Orson Welles, remember?

CHARLOTTE: No. No, my name is not Charlotte Pollard.

DOCTOR: Charley, Charley, you must hold on. Remember.

CHARLOTTE: My name is Madeleine. Madeleine Fairweather. I was with her all those many years ago. Charley, Charlotte Pollard, on this boat all those many years ago. I'm so sorry.

DOCTOR: What happened to Charley? Please.

CHARLOTTE: So sorry.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, don't die. You have to tell me. Tell me what happened. Please. Please, please.

(Piano wires jarred by the slamming of the lid.)

BORTHWICK: Is it dead?

MADELEINE: I should think so. All of you, listen to me. We're going to make our way out to the lifeboats. Find anything you can to use as a weapon. Table leg, a fire axe, a piano wire would make a garrotte. Anything.

(Stomping, door opens.)

CYBERMAN: Resistance is futile.

BORTHWICK: Here they come.

YOUNG MAN: Up and at them, chaps.

(Lots of items hitting Cybermen until a weapon is fired and a body falls..)

BORTHWICK: Damn.

CYBERMAN: Leader, this rebellion is quashed. Awaiting instructions.

MADELEINE: Leader?

CYBER-CHARLEY: I am their leader. You will all be converted.

MADELEINE: Charley!

CYBER-CHARLEY: You will become like me.

#### [Part Four]

MADELEINE: Charley, what have they done to you?

CYBER-CHARLEY: I am improved. My mind is clear. Soon my body will be augmented.

MADELEINE: Charley, you have to fight it!

CYBER-CHARLEY: My Cybermen are fitting conversion apparatus below deck. You will not have long to wait.

MADELEINE: I'll die first.

CYBER-CHARLEY: That would be wasteful. Cyberman, restrain her.

CYBERMAN: Confirmed.

(Madeleine cries out in pain.)

CYBER-CHARLEY: You will watch my conversion. You will see your fear is unreasonable. Then you will follow.

MADELEINE: Oh God, somebody save us. Won't somebody save us, please?

CYBER-CHARLEY: Cyber conversion *is* your salvation. It will be extended to all of your kind.

Here in your future, then in your past.

MADELEINE: No, please! Please! Please!

(Rumble, crash!)

BORTHWICK: Alleluia!

CYBER-CHARLEY: Report.

CYBERMAN: Spontaneous electrical discharge from mast caused (voice dies)

BORTHWICK: That's Saint Elmo's Fire, Cyber-lady. It's a sign!

CYBERMAN: Update. Pulse generator reactivated. Translation beginning.

CYBER-CHARLEY: Impossible. Shut it down.

MADELEINE: It's happening again. We're being translated!

(Whooshes and was that a touch of Tardis?)

CYBER-CHARLEY: Update, local dateline, one nine four two microunit one fifteen.

MADELEINE: You can open your eyes now, Borthwick. We're home.

BORTHWICK: We are?

MADELEINE: It's 1942 again.

CYBER-CHARLEY: Cause to be ascertained.

MADELEINE: Everyone listen. We've made it back home.

CYBERMAN: It is irrelevant. Conversions will continue.

MADELEINE: We're home and we're alive. It means there's hope.  
CYBERMAN: Hope is a corruption of probably outcome.  
CYBERMAN 2: It has no value.  
DOCTOR: You sure about that?  
BORTHWICK: Who the devil are  
DOCTOR: Devil, angel, depends on your perspective. I am the Doctor.  
MADELEINE: Charley's friend.  
DOCTOR: You must be Madeleine Fairweather.  
BORTHWICK: You're barking up the wrong tree there.  
MADELEINE: Quiet. How do you know my name?  
DOCTOR: Later. Now, Charley, I reckon it's about time we gave these Cybermen something to think about. I'm thinking escape strategy seven.  
CYBER-CHARLEY: Escape strategy will not succeed.  
DOCTOR: Oh, come on. The old diversion and counter-diversion, it's a classic. Never fails.  
CYBER-CHARLEY: Cybermen.  
CYBERMAN: Yes, Leader.  
DOCTOR: Leader? Oh, Charley, that's brilliant. How did you pull that off?  
MADELEINE: She's not bluffing, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: She's not?  
MADELEINE: They've taken her over.  
CYBER-CHARLEY: This man is an enemy of the Cyber race. Cybermen, disable him.  
DOCTOR: Ah. In which case, back off.  
(The Cybermen groan.)  
BORTHWICK: That's my gold!  
DOCTOR: And your name is?  
BORTHWICK: Borthwick. Colonel, retired.  
DOCTOR: Funny, I always took this nasty little signature to read A Hitler.  
BORTHWICK: No, that can't be.  
DOCTOR: I'm not remotely interested.  
MADELEINE: Doctor, what now?  
DOCTOR: Everyone file past me, nice and orderly. I'll ward them off.  
CYBER-CHARLEY: No.  
DOCTOR: Charley, I don't know what it is they've done to you, but you are coming too.  
CYBER-CHARLEY: No. The weakness of the Cyber race does not apply to me.  
(Thud!)  
MADELEINE: Doctor!  
CYBER-CHARLEY: This gold will be disposed of. Cybermen, advance.  
DOCTOR: Wait. Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. Don't you want to know how I managed to translate the Batavia back?  
CYBER-CHARLEY: This was your doing.  
DOCTOR: Well, having been clever enough to tow the future Batavia by Tardis to another space time location, I scanned this latitude and longitude for the characteristic signature of an EM pulse, and what do you know? I found one, in the year 500,002.  
BORTHWICK: Is he quite right in the head, this chap?  
MADELEINE: Be quiet.  
DOCTOR: All I had to do then was broadcast a reactivation protocol into the future, and, well, here we all are.  
CYBER-CHARLEY: Update. Cause of spontaneous translation recorded. Cybermen, continue with conversions.  
CYBERMAN: You will move to the hold.  
MADELEINE: Doctor!  
DOCTOR: Wait, wait. What I didn't tell you is I had to make one small but crucial modification to the translation vectors. The time is ten past two, and thirty seconds.  
BORTHWICK: So?  
DOCTOR: So I shifted the translation vectors to about half a mile off to avoid the ship being struck by a pair of Japanese torpedoes.  
CYBER-CHARLEY: This is another escape strategy. Keep them talking. It will not succeed.  
DOCTOR: Meaning those torpedoes are what, fifty yards off the starboard bow?  
MADELEINE: You're not serious?  
DOCTOR: They cruised straight past her original location, but here they are again. Thought I

might need a distraction. Brace yourselves!

CYBER-CHARLEY: Confirm. Torpedoes to starboard. Initiate evasive action.

DOCTOR: Escape strategy three with a dash of four. Hold on tight!

(Boom, boom!)

CYBER-CHARLEY: Alert. Hull is breached in two place.

DOCTOR: She'll be taking on water fast.

CYBER-CHARLEY: All Cybermen, new protocol. Repair hull breach.

CYBERMEN: Confirmed.

(Stomp away.)

BORTHWICK: Do I take it to mean this ship's sinking?

DOCTOR: Afraid so, unless the Cybermen get a shift on.

BORTHWICK: Blithering idiot! What about our loot?

DOCTOR: You won't be seeing that again, Borthwick. Do exactly as I tell you and I'll try to see you escape with your lives.

BORTHWICK: Oh no, Doctor. It's every man for himself. You fellows, to the lifeboats. Follow me.

(Yelling and running.)

DOCTOR: Oh, no.

(Squeaking of falls lowering lifeboat from davit.)

BORTHWICK: That's it. Lift the lifeboat from the cradle. Not so fast. Steady, steady.

(Big splash.)

BORTHWICK: Blast.

DOCTOR: All of you stop. Stop now. Stop! Because I've seen the future and none of you, none of you will live if you jump ship like this. Stay and I'll do my best to find a way to save you.

BORTHWICK: Gentlemen, we'll have to jump for it. It's only twenty feet or so. Ready? Three, two, one. Geronimo!

(Splash, splash.)

BORTHWICK: Come on in, the water's lovely.

MAN: Geronimo!

DOCTOR: No!

MADELEINE: How can you be so sure, Doctor? It can't be so very far to land.

DOCTOR: They won't make it, Madeleine. There's only one person escapes that way. You.

MADELEINE: Ow, Doctor. You're hurting me.

DOCTOR: I'm saving you.

MADELEINE: But the lifeboat?

DOCTOR: There's one other.

MADELEINE: I can't row it alone.

DOCTOR: The Web of Time says different. Trust me.

BORTHWICK: Bon voyage, Doctor. You fellows, it's in and out, in, out.

DOCTOR: This isn't the boat race, Borthwick. Come back before it's too late.

BORTHWICK: In and out.

(The men start singing 'Botany Bay'.)

DOCTOR: Idiots.

MADELEINE: They're not good men, Doctor, if it makes any difference.

DOCTOR: Good or bad, the Web of Time doesn't care. Now for Charley. Come on, the bridge.

(Boom!)

MADELEINE: Oh, what was that?

DOCTOR: A mine, I expect. I warned them.

(Door slides open.)

DOCTOR: Coast's clear. Now.

(Door slides closed. Radio frequency adjusted.)

MADELEINE: What are you looking for, the World Service?

DOCTOR: The Cybermen's own control frequency.

MADELEINE: Oh, a bit further. That's what they used to take over Byron, wasn't it?

DOCTOR: Byron? Oh, you mean his grandfather. Yes, I expect. What happened to him, by the way?

MADELEINE: Well, his brain sort of collapsed.

DOCTOR: It did what?

MADELEINE: Cybercontrol signal causes deterioration of unaugmented brain, that's what they said. Come on, shouldn't you be getting on with whatever it is you're doing?

CYBER-CHARLEY: Cybermen, seize them.

DOCTOR: I'm walking away. I'm walking away, all right?

CYBER-CHARLEY: You thought you could save Charlotte Pollard by overwriting the CyberPlanner protocols imprinted on her brain. But her brain will be dead within the hour. Her synapses wither as I speak.

DOCTOR: But then you will die too, CyberPlanner.

CYBER-CHARLEY: Fact. Human brain incapable of sustaining Cyber consciousness. Fact. Time Lord brain capable of sustaining Cyber consciousness.

DOCTOR: Ah.

CYBER-CHARLEY: Kill the girl. She has no value.

CYBERMEN: Confirmed.

MADELEINE: Doctor, you said I'd be saved!

DOCTOR: You were there in the future. You can't die now.

CYBER-CHARLEY: Is that what he told you?

MADELEINE: He said the Web of Time would protect me.

CYBER-CHARLEY: He lied. Charlotte Pollard fell through the Web of Time. Charlotte Pollard died and still lived. The future can always be changed. Destroy her.

MADELEINE: No!

(The Cybermen and the radio squeal.)

CYBER-CHARLEY: This is futile.

DOCTOR: (through radio) CyberPlanner, prepare to receive new transmission. Your name is Charlotte Pollard. Are you receiving me? Your name is Charlotte Pollard.

CYBERMEN: My name is Charlotte Pollard. My name is Charlotte Pollard.

DOCTOR: (through radio) Oh dear. CyberPlanner, your Cybermen seem a bit confused. Hadn't you better do something about that?

CYBER-CHARLEY: All Cybermen listen to me. Retreat to beyond range of control transmissions.

DOCTOR: (through radio) The hold would be good. It's lead lined.

CYBER-CHARLEY: Retreat to the hold and await further instructions.

CYBERMEN: Confirmed.

(Stomp away.)

DOCTOR: (through radio) How about this order cannot be countermanded, just to be on the safe side.

CYBER-CHARLEY: (struggling) This order cannot, cannot be countermanded. No!

CyberPlanner will not be manipulated. I am the CyberPlanner. I am. I. I.

DOCTOR: (through radio) Your name is Charlotte Pollard. Repeat. Your name is Charlotte Pollard.

CYBER-CHARLEY: Message received. Transmission complete.

(Thud. Radio turned off.)

DOCTOR: Charley, are you there? Charley?

CHARLEY: Doctor? Is that you?

DOCTOR: Yes. Madeleine, help me with her. Madeleine?

MADELEINE: (slowly) There is no Madeleine here. My name is Charlotte Pollard.

CHARLEY: I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR: Oh, no.

CYBERMAN: Seal the hold.

CYBERMAN 2: Wait. The CyberPlanner is not accounted for.

CYBERMAN: CyberPlanner's instructions cannot be countermanded. Seal the hold and await further instructions.

(Bulkhead door closes.)

DOCTOR: And there they will remain until that fool Byron wakes them up in 2008. Translated between 1942 and 500,002 every time there's a storm.

CHARLEY: Everything in it's right place.

DOCTOR: Not quite.

MADELEINE: My name is Charlotte Pollard. This order cannot be countermanded. Charlotte Pollard.

DOCTOR: Ready on your side?  
CHARLEY: Ready.  
DOCTOR: Take the strain.  
(Winching.)  
DOCTOR: And  
(Splash.)  
CHARLEY: You sure she's going to be all right?  
DOCTOR: Web of Time says so. A single survivor picked up from a lonely lifeboat. Cold, wet and amnesiac. I wonder.  
CHARLEY: Wonder what?  
DOCTOR: If that's the way to save your life.  
CHARLEY: It needs saving, then?  
DOCTOR: The control signal burnt out Byron's brain. Madeleine, she just got a touch of it and it destroyed her memory.  
CHARLEY: Because  
DOCTOR: It's a neural worm. It uses the memory to exert its influence over the brain. Now, if you were a Time Lord you'd just pop yourself into a coma for a bit while your brain got on with cauterising the affected sections itself.  
CHARLEY: And that'd be all right, would it?  
DOCTOR: You might lose a few hours worth of memory, not much. But you're not a Time Lord, are you.  
CHARLEY: Nope.  
DOCTOR: So we need a blunt instrument.  
CHARLEY: What, like a hammer?  
DOCTOR: A fob watch.  
CHARLEY: Hypnosis? Are you qualified?  
DOCTOR: I taught Freud the technique. It won't hurt, but I need to make you forget, before it's too late.  
CHARLEY: Forget? What, today?  
DOCTOR: Further back.  
CHARLEY: The last week? Month?  
DOCTOR: Everything. Charley, if we don't starve the control worm soon, you  
CHARLEY: Die.  
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so. Look at the watch, Charley.  
CHARLEY: I don't want to, Doctor. I don't want to forget about you.  
DOCTOR: You must. Anything that might prompt you to remember today might allow the control worm to survive. Forget.  
CHARLEY: Like I can just do that. Venice, Orson Welles, C'Rizz.  
DOCTOR: Look at the watch, Charley. Forget.  
CHARLEY: (tired) It won't work. Not on me. It won't.  
DOCTOR: Back and forth. To and fro. (sotto) Forget. (echoes)

(Charley wakes with a gasp.)

DOCTOR: Hello.  
CHARLEY: Who are you?  
DOCTOR: The Doctor.  
CHARLEY: Do I need a doctor?  
DOCTOR: *The* Doctor. Up you get.  
CHARLEY: This is a boat.  
DOCTOR: Headed out of Singapore harbour.  
CHARLEY: Oh no, but that's where I'm going. Come on, we've got to turn it around.  
DOCTOR: Don't worry, there's an easier way back.  
CHARLEY: There is?  
DOCTOR: I've got a box, bigger on the inside than the out.  
CHARLEY: How can something be bigger on the inside than on the (trails off) outside? Oh.  
DOCTOR: Ah well, it's complicated.  
CHARLEY: No, no, no, no, no. How.  
DOCTOR: (memory) It's good, isn't it?  
CHARLEY: Geronimo taught me that.  
DOCTOR: How?



DOCTOR: (memory) There, you've got the hang of it already.  
CHARLEY: You've got the hang of it already.  
DOCTOR: No.  
CHARLEY: Something about Mister Lenin's pajamas?  
DOCTOR: (memory) Remarkable mind, Lenin. Terrible at tiddlywinks.  
(Sonic screwdriver.)  
DOCTOR: The control worm, it's gone.  
CHARLEY: You. You're the Doctor. You might just be the oddest man I've ever met.  
DOCTOR: I don't understand it. How  
CHARLEY: Oh, don't start that again. Don't you see? Some things are too good to be forgotten.  
Tell you what, shall we explore?

(Tardis door opens. Running in.)  
DOCTOR: So, where to now, Miss Pollard?  
CHARLEY: Surprise me.  
DOCTOR: The Relief of Mafeking?  
CHARLEY: Too noisy. The sacking of Londinium.  
(Tardis door closes.)  
DOCTOR: Too much Boudica. I know, the Jovian Fold.  
CHARLEY: Thousand year carnival?  
DOCTOR: That's the one. Sumaran dateline 925 point 35. Oh, you'll love it, Charley, You're going to love it. The Millennium Mardi Gras, the party to end all parties.  
(The Tardis dematerialises.)  
DOCTOR: Charley?  
CHARLEY: Just don't do anything rash, Doctor.  
BYRON: Or I'll rip her head off her shoulders. Capisci?  
(Byron's voice has a slight reverberation.)  
DOCTOR: Byron?  
BYRON: It's Super-Byron now. Man, you've no idea how fantastic this feels.  
CHARLEY: (strangled) And you've no idea how restricting this feels.  
BYRON: Sorry, not used to my own strength yet. Better?  
CHARLEY: Oh, marginally.  
DOCTOR: Byron, it was too late to go back for you.  
BYRON: Ah, you didn't even try. Fact is, when you sunk the Batavia, they'd hardly started my conversion, so when I saw the Tardis door open I thought hell, why not?  
DOCTOR: Only stopping for a spot of matricide.  
BYRON: Hey, do you know what that old trout did to my old man?  
DOCTOR: Australasian Borgias. Never mind.  
BYRON: Figured I'd be best off sitting here and waiting my chance. After all, if you didn't get things right in the past, I might never get born. Correct?  
CHARLEY: You don't want to mess with the Web of Time, Byron.  
DOCTOR: The Batavia's out of bounds, if that's what you're thinking. We're not going back there, past, present or future.  
BYRON: Just as well, cos that's not where we're going. Got another salvage operation in mind, as it happens.  
CHARLEY: You have?  
BYRON: In the year 500,002.  
DOCTOR: Byron, that's not clever.  
BYRON: Oh, you think? I'm thinking, damaged or no, that Cybership is gonna be packed full of technology. That's where the future is, Doctor. Right.  
(Charley is released.)  
CHARLEY: Thank you.  
BYRON: 's all right. I don't need a hostage.  
CHARLEY: Now he decides.  
BYRON: Cos the Doctor's going to do exactly what I want once he's been zapped by this.  
DOCTOR: Byron, the CyberPlanner can't help you. It's knackered, demented, kaput.  
BYRON: Oh yeah? I've got these jacks in my head now, and when I plug them in like so  
(Electronic sound, the Doctor cries out in pain.)  
BYRON: I can control your every deed. Good, isn't it?  
CHARLEY: Doctor! Doctor!

BYRON: Forget it. He won't answer to you. Doctor. Doctor.  
DOCTOR: (flat) Transmission received.  
CHARLEY: Oh, no.  
BYRON: Take us to the year 500,002, there's a good fella.  
DOCTOR: I obey.  
BYRON: Magic.

(The Tardis materialises.)

DOCTOR: Materialisation completed.

BYRON: Nice. Doors!

(Tardis doors open.)

BYRON: Useful to have around, ain't he?

CHARLEY: You can't just switch him on and off.

BYRON: Course I can. I can make him dance and jump and sing, anything.

CHARLEY: Oh, and that amuses you, does it?

BYRON: Actually, it doesn't. Must be something to do with the new Cyberbrain. And seeing as now I've got a pretty good idea how to control your Tardis, I won't be needing him at all, will I

CHARLEY: Don't you dare hurt him.

BYRON: Hurt him? Course not. No more than I'd hurt the toaster when I pull the plug.

(Thud.)

CHARLEY: Doctor?

(Slaps face.)

CHARLEY: Doctor, wake up. Doctor!

DOCTOR: Charley. Don't forget what I told

CHARLEY: There's no heartbeat. Nor here. You killed him!

BYRON: Guess so. Whoops.

(Stomps out.)

CYBERMAN [OC]: Stop.

CHARLEY: Cybermen.

CYBERMAN: This area is restricted.

BYRON: Not to Cybermen, right? Me and you, we're brothers.

CYBERMAN: This human has been cybernetically enhanced. Conversion is incomplete. Abort him.

CHARLEY: No, wait! He's got your CyberPlanner.

CYBERMAN: Is this true?

BYRON: What the hell do you think you're playing at?

CYBERMAN: Release the CyberPlanner.

CHARLEY: (Cyber voice) No. I have been asked to return the CyberPlanner to its er

BYRON: (sotto) Headquarters.

CHARLEY: (Cyber voice) Headquarters.

CYBERMAN: CyberPlanner must be reinstalled in control centre.

CHARLEY: (Cyber voice) Yes. You will escort us there.

BYRON: Then what?

CHARLEY: (sotto) Shut up.

CHARLEY: (Cyber voice) Left, right, left, right. Halt.

CYBERMAN: CyberPlanner must be reinstalled.

CYBERMAN 2: Wait. Confirm CyberPlanner not corrupted first.

BYRON: Why should it be corrupted?

CYBERMAN 2: CyberPlanner last reported in area infected by temporal corrosion. Temporal corrosion might cause total systems collapse. Protocol demands CyberPlanner must be placed in quarantine.

CHARLEY: Oh, that'll take too long. Byron!

BYRON: Yeah?

CHARLEY: Hit them, will you?

BYRON: Whoa, er, yeah.

(So he does. It is an uneven fight.)

CHARLEY: Okay, install CyberPlanner. This bit must go in here, and this bit goes in here. Oh no. No, no, no, no, no. Must be in here. Ah ha!

CYBERPLANNER: Update. CyberPlanner reinstalled in Cybership mainframe. Systems check.  
BYRON: You boys can't even scratch me.  
CHARLEY: Byron, they've taken your arm off.  
BYRON: Oh yeah.  
CYBERPLANNER: Systems faulty. Why?  
CHARLEY: You've got a touch of rust, CyberPlanner.  
CYBERPLANNER: No. No. Uninstall me. I must not infect the ship.  
(Crackle.)  
CYBERMAN: No, wait. I am infected.  
(Falls to bits.)  
BYRON: Nasty. Oh man, it's on me now. Oh, it hurts. Charley! Charley, please!  
CHARLEY: Goodbye, Byron. I can't say it's been pleasant.  
BYRON: Please, you've got to help me! Please!  
(Falls to pieces.)

(Running from the cracking sound.)  
CHARLEY: I don't know why you're chasing me, you won't get much sustenance.  
CYBERPLANNER: Autodestruction of Cybership predicted in sixty microspans. Fifty nine.  
CHARLEY: Oh, put a sock in it, CyberPlanner.  
CYBERPLANNER: Fifty seven. Fifty six.  
CHARLEY: It's not chasing me, it's after. Oh no, the Tardis.  
CYBERPLANNER: Fifty three.  
CHARLEY: Yes, yes, I can make it.  
(The Tardis dematerialises.)  
CHARLEY: No! The HADS! No, not again!  
CYBERPLANNER: Forty eight.  
CHARLEY: Oh. After all, what could possibly go wrong.  
CYBERPLANNER: Update. Prognosis revised. Total systems collapse predicted.  
CHARLEY: Stupid, stupid, stupid Doctor!  
CYBERPLANNER: Now.  
(KaBOOM!)

(The Tardis materialises and the door opens.)  
DOCTOR: Now, where was I? Singapore, Singapore Harbour. Charley, one minute!  
(Runs.)

RECEPTIONIST: (on telephone) No, we have no doubles available. Singles, yes. Oh, snuggle up? Certainly, sir, but that will be at the double rate.  
DOCTOR: Charley? Charley? Where's she gone now?  
(Rings desk bell.)  
DOCTOR: Shop!  
RECEPTIONIST: One moment, sir.  
DOCTOR: Shop, shop, shop!  
RECEPTIONIST: I do apologise. Are you a guest, sir?  
DOCTOR: Permanently. I'm the Doctor.  
RECEPTIONIST: Oh! Yes, of course. I'll just fetch your key.  
DOCTOR: No, no, I don't want. Your clocks are wrong.  
RECEPTIONIST: I shouldn't think so, sir. They're beryllium chipped.  
DOCTOR: It was midnight just now.  
RECEPTIONIST: It has been a long night, hasn't it? Your key and your bill, dated back to 1926.  
DOCTOR: Bill. Oh, yes. Oh, my head is swimming.  
RECEPTIONIST: I'm sure it is, sir. (tannoy) Security to Reception. Thank you.  
DOCTOR: I've er cards in here somewhere. Oh. Gold ingot do you?  
(Thumps desk.)  
RECEPTIONIST: That'll do nicely, sir. (tannoy) Security, as you were.  
DOCTOR: Do you know, I've absolutely no idea how that got in there. Anyway, I meant to ask, have you seen a girl, about so high.  
RECEPTIONIST: Hair? Eyes?  
DOCTOR: Yes, she's got those.  
RECEPTIONIST: Oh, of course. There was a girl left you a message round about midnight.

Name of

DOCTOR: Charlotte Pollard.

RECEPTIONIST: Here you are, sir.

(Rustle of paper.)

DOCTOR: (reads) Dear Debtor. Handwriting, Charley.

CHARLEY [OC]: Dear Doctor. It's been such a long journey for both of us. I never, ever wanted it to end, but end it has. We both know that.

DOCTOR: Ah, Charley, no.

CHARLEY [OC]: A long time ago now, I said you were the oddest man I'd ever met. You're that still. You're the best man I've ever met too. But we've chanced our luck once too often, I think, so I'm bailing out. Escape strategy number five.

DOCTOR: Number six.

CHARLEY [OC]: I'm going to disappear. There's no freedom like being dead. I can go anywhere, be anyone I want. Just like a Time Lord really. Don't look for me, please. But remember me. I'll remember you, always. With love, The Girl Who Never Was.

RECEPTIONIST: Sir? Are you all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'm fine.

(Screws up paper.)

DOCTOR: Here, you can bin that.

(Walks away.)

RECEPTIONIST: Sir, are you leaving? Sir?

DOCTOR: You work in a hotel. You should know. Everybody leaves.

### [Epilogue]

(Background of surf.)

CHARLEY: Memoirs of an Edwardian Adventuress, continued. When I was a little girl, we stayed a season at Ostend, the Cannes of the North. I'd been reading Treasure Island and I got it into my head to send messages in bottles off the pier, all with my name and address inside. Hundreds of them, sent drifting off to who knows where. Spitzbergen, Zanzibar, New Zealand, other places with the letter Z. I never got anything back. Hundreds of bottles, nothing back.

What are the chances of that? So here I am, on my own desert island, washed up when the Cybership broke up, a castaway at last. But I'm sending out my messages still. Never say die.

Hmm. He's be so proud of me, the Doctor. I've managed to build a crystal set from the debris, and every hour, on the hour, I tap it out. Dot dot dot, dash dash dash, dot dot dot, over and over and over. Someone's listening, somewhere. Dot dot dot, dash dash dash, dot dot dot. (gasps)

(The Tardis materialises.)

CHARLEY: Oh! Oh! He's alive! Oh, he's alive!

(Runs across the sand.)

(Knocking on the door.)

CHARLEY [OC]: (crying) Oh God, thank you. Open up! Open up!

(Tardis doors open.)

CHARLEY: I knew it. I knew you'd come back.

(Walks in.)

CHARLEY: Oh, I'm sorry. I was expecting someone else.